THE LIVING AGE

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for March, 1935

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

JAPAN'S energetic drive for investments, trade, and raw materials in both Abyssinia and Afghanistan goes far toward explaining General Smuts's plea for Anglo-American collaboration in the Pacific, which our State Department has welcomed so eagerly. The mobilization of two divisions of Italian troops for service in Abyssinia would seem, however, to indicate that Italy has proved even more pliant than the United States in fighting the battles of the British Empire. According to our leading article, Japan has gained a virtual monopoly of the Abyssinian textile market and also plans to export capital as well as some of its own surplus population.

OUR second article shows that the Japanese are equally active in Afghanistan, where British interests are also being threatened. The fact that both these articles appeared in German publications throws light on the interest with which the Third Reich is following the exploits of the one Great Power with which it is rumored to be allied.

WHILE Japan advances on the foreign front, it encounters difficulties at home. Dr. Paul Keller writes two dispatches to the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* from Tokyo, in the first of which he shows that the underpaid and ruined farmer has made Japanese dumping possible. The second, on the boom in industry, shows that the industrial population, on the other hand, has not suffered undue hardship and even enjoys a better standard of living than the country provided in pre-industrial times.

LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN will be recalled as the author of the article on 'The Truth about the Protocols' in our December issue. Again he covers an important subject that we have not yet seen treated adequately elsewhere—the possibility of a localized war in the Danube Basin in behalf of frontier revision. Last month Giselher Wirsing, editor of the *Tat*, outlined the rival ambitions of the Vatican, Mussolini, and the Third Reich in southeastern Europe. This month Mr. Eshleman suggests that a Fourth Reich covering the same territory that used to be included in Austria-Hungary is on its way and that the Great Powers will stand aside and collect the profits of war while the lesser Powers fight it out. But who the final beneficiary will be he does not prophesy at this date.

TWO editorials from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the official organ of the Nazis, lead off our German symposium and meet the demand that some of our readers have expressed for more sympathetic interpretation of the Hitler régime. The first piece, ostensibly a review of how world history affected Germany during 1934, expresses not only the supreme confidence of the country's present rulers but also the importance they attach to racial factors, which are emphasized as strongly as Communists emphasize class factors.

NEXT comes an essay by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter* and intimate friend of Hitler's for more than ten years. Here we make the acquaintance not of the man who is urging Germany to expand eastward at the expense of the Soviet Ukraine but of the devoted follower of Nietzsche and Spengler. If German political writings to-day are colored by racial theories, German philosophical writings emphasize the importance of the spirit.

FINALLY, a German correspondent of the London *Economist* gives a first-hand account of the state of culture in the Third Reich. He states explicitly what

(*Continued on page 94*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

March, 1935 *Volume 348, Number 4422*

The World Over

LAVAL'S CONVERSATIONS with Mussolini and Flandin's visit to London had a direct bearing on the decision of the Soviet Union to double its standing army. From the signing of the Rapallo Treaty in 1922 until the advent of Hitler in 1933, Germany and Russia had been bound together by a virtual alliance, and the Kremlin had always assumed that German heavy industry would never permit the National Socialists to seize power. Soviet foreign policy therefore faced a new and unexpected situation in 1933, but the fact that Herriot, who had always advocated closer Franco-Russian relations, was in the saddle in France led to a happy solution. Already in November, 1932, the two countries had signed a non-aggression treaty, which Herriot, Pierre Cot, the Air Minister, and later Barthou tried to expand into a general military alliance. Pressure from France forced Bulgaria, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia to recognize the Soviet Union while the Little Entente enthusiastically supported the East European security pact, from which only Poland and Germany held aloof. Even the upset of the Radical Socialists a year ago did not interrupt the gradual Franco-Russian rapprochement; indeed, the activities of Barthou, the new Foreign Minister, hastened the process.

Doumergue, however, and Tardieu had always doubted the desirability of a Franco-Russian alliance, and the assassination of Barthou gave them their chance to destroy his work. Laval, Barthou's devout Catholic successor in the Foreign Office, looked askance at Russia and

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wanted to reach an understanding with Germany instead of continuing Barthou's policy of encirclement. And Flandin, who succeeded Doumergue, felt the same way—no doubt because of his close connections with Théodore Laurent of the Comité des Forges. Finally, the French General Staff, whether for political or tactical reasons, did not have a very high opinion of the ability of the Red Army to come to the aid of France against Germany since it would have to subdue Poland first. The advocates of Franco-Russian understanding then played their last card in November, 1934, when Archimbaud, the reporter on the military budget, informed the Chamber of Deputies that the Soviet Union had offered to put its army at the disposition of France. His speech created a strong impression and might have saved the day had not the British Government suddenly demanded explanations on the ground that the East European security pact did not permit any further alliances between two or more of its parties. The French Government had to issue a public denial that any such understanding existed, and in December Laval gave Sir John Simon additional assurances in Geneva.

Franco-Russian relations—indeed, the whole attitude of the Soviet Union toward Europe—therefore depend on what happens to the Anglo-French offer to Germany. England favors equality of status for Germany, and Flandin and Laval are prepared to make more concessions than any of their predecessors. As we go to press, Hitler's decision on the Anglo-French offer is still hanging fire, and, whatever his answer may be, it will probably take months for England, France, Germany, and Italy to reach a final agreement. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union faces two dangerous possibilities—either a united front of the major European Powers or improved relations between England and Germany. The latter eventuality might lead to a resumption of the rapprochement with France, but only a willful act of self-isolation by Germany can entirely relieve the Kremlin of its fears on the western frontier.

TWO MONTHS AGO in this department we quoted General Smuts's plea for equality of status for Germany and his attack on the Versailles system in Europe. Since then still another important spokesman of British foreign policy has also taken up the cudgels for the Third Reich. Lord Allen of Hurtwood,—formerly Clifford Allen, Socialist,—who earned his title by fastening himself to Ramsay MacDonald's coat-tails in the fall of 1931, has been interviewing Hitler, Goebbels, von Neurath, and other German leaders and has returned to England 'convinced' that Hitler 'genuinely desires peace.' He has given this warning to a representative of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph:*—

> Now the keynote of Germany's attitude is her desire to be afforded equal sovereign status with other Great Powers. She is in an intensely emotional mood to-day

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on account of her resentment at being the only nation of first-class importance that is treated differently from other countries.

Germany accepted temporary inequality of status during the years she spent in international negotiations. If other countries continue to inflict further humiliations upon her new post-war population, which they do not inflict on any other Great Power, there will again grow up a warlike spirit, which will cause her to hurl herself to destruction for a second time, even though she may know that all the odds are against her.

Significantly enough, Lord Allen went out of his way to emphasize the prestige that England enjoys in Germany to-day:—

Britain's prestige in Germany at present is tremendous. Mr. Eden has created an impression of great integrity as far as Britain is concerned, and, if direct negotiations with France fail, Germany hopes that Britain might declare, much more clearly than we have hitherto, precisely what we feel as to the rights and wrongs of her armament position. In this way, the Germans hope, great moral pressure might be brought to bear on other nations to recognize her point of view.

Thus England's support of Germany, which began when she refused to enter the Ruhr with France in 1923 and was interrupted only by the early excesses of the Hitler régime, continues unabated.

THE HOSTILITY that the Labor and Liberal press of England has consistently shown toward Hitler has distracted attention from the attitude of the Foreign Office. Yet only the more radical British journals take their Government to task for aiding and abetting a régime of which they disapprove. The *New Statesman and Nation*, for instance, prints a long and highly critical dispatch from its correspondent in Germany, describing the condition of the country after two years of Nazi rule and lets it go at that. Here is the way the dispatch concludes:—

On the whole, National Socialism has become more pernicious because it has improved its technique. An example of this is the increasing hardship to which German Jews are subjected without the publicity that formerly did something to protect them. The English public is, at most, aware of the Frankfurt incident in the organized boycott of Jewish shops, which had been proceeding all through December in many provincial towns in preparation for the 'purely German' festival of Christmas. Though Jews are supposed to be allowed commercial, if no cultural, functions, one finds that a stockbroker has just been forbidden the Bourse or that to sell newspapers has become a cultural activity. The pressure has been increasing steadily since Hess's strongly anti-Jewish order to the Nazi Party issued in Munich on August 8. But what is done now is effectively and quietly done. So the anti-Semitic orientalism of the Third Reich may be said to have achieved nothing certain but the military efficiency of the Hohenzollern kings at the cost of the religious and racial tolerance for which they were famous.

WHEN PREMIER FLANDIN announced, 'Deflation is at an end,' he did not mean that the franc was about to be devaluated or quit the gold

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standard. What he had in view was a policy of credit—not currency—inflation. Clément Moret promptly resigned the post of governor of the Bank of France that he has held for the past four years, but Finance Minister Germain-Martin, who holds the same job that he did under Doumergue, remains unperturbed, for he feels that complete financial orthodoxy must be abandoned. The new governor of the Bank of France, Jean Tannery, has for the past nine years headed the Caisse des Dépots et Consignations, and, although he supports the gold standard, it has been his function to get as much short-time credit as possible for the Treasury from the Bank. Moret, remembering that the post-war inflation of the franc was accompanied by a steady increase of the floating debt through huge loans from the Bank to the Treasury, has consistently refused to revert to a policy that had fatal consequences before and has upheld the Stabilization Law of 1928, whereby the Bank put 3,200 million francs at the disposition of the State but would not let it have a centime more. Under the new dispensation Treasury bills to the amount of ten billion francs are to be issued to cover this year's budget deficit. The Bank of France will advance credit on these and, at the same time, allow private banks to borrow on securities that it refused to accept in the past. The Stock Exchange greeted the new deal—for that is what it amounts to—with a boom, and even such conservative newspapers as the *Journal des Débats*—organ of the Comité des Forges—hailed the prospect with enthusiasm. In short, Flandin appears to be doing for France just what Roosevelt is doing for the United States and saving the industrialist at the expense of the banker.

CONTRADICTORY REPORTS emanate from Spain. A press censorship prevents the local newspapers from throwing much light on the strength of the present semi-Republican, semi-Fascist régime, and the foreign newspapers report only what they wish to see. Thus, the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, conservative Vienna daily and exponent of Catholic Fascism, praises Gil Robles and asserts that nationalism is rampant in Spain and that the army is the most popular organization in the land. 'Marching troops,' reports its Madrid correspondent, 'are covered with flowers and greeted with shouts of "*Viva el ejército! Viva la Guardia! Viva España!*" And not once was the cry "*Viva la República*" to be heard.' The Laborite *Daily Herald* of London, on the other hand, quotes Julio Alvarez del Vayo, former Spanish ambassador to Mexico and chairman of the League Committee to the Chaco, as saying that the conservative parties are split whereas the radical groups are uniting. He describes the high spirits of the jailed Asturian miners and quotes from a pamphlet by Professor Fernando de los Rios, former Republican Foreign Minister, that is being circulated through underground channels

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and that exposes the brutality of the present régime. Here are some of the tortures that were described to him when he visited Oviedo:—

> The first consists in tying a bar below the bend of the knees and tying the arms to it. This torture was, on occasions, carried out by Comandante Doval himself.
>
> The second consists in hanging the prisoner by the arms from a pole, leaving him suspended in the air and, by means of whipping, making him swing in the air.
>
> The third consists in making the prisoner pass through a file of guards, who strike with their rifles, some at the shoulders, others at the feet, and some even at the head.
>
> Finally, what is called the 'concert hall' has an indefinite field of varied tortures. It is called the 'concert hall' because everybody 'sings,' meaning that the sufferings are so horrible that the prisoners make the desired declarations.

He also reports that the tales about priests being cut to pieces and sold as 'pork' have been exploded by the appearance of the alleged victims unscathed on the streets of the city.

THE CONFUSION that prevails in Rumanian domestic politics foreshadows trouble for the Little Entente. Since December, 1933, the country has been governed by the Liberal Party. This political arm of the feudal aristocracy does not command the support of the majority of the people. It gained control of Parliament over a year ago in an unusually corrupt election, which was followed by the murder of Premier Duca at the hands of an organization affiliated with the Nazis. Although Dinu Brătianu is the power behind the scenes in the Liberal Party, a younger man, Tatarescu, succeeded Duca as Premier and has held the job ever since. He has tried to focus the attention of Parliament on the scandal that destroyed the National Peasant Government and that had to do with the bribery of certain high officials by the Skoda munitions factory in Czechoslovakia. Iulius Maniu, leader of the National Peasant Party, had no part in the affair, but his followers suffered, and a split developed between Maniu, a Puritanical champion of the peasants, and former Premier Vaida-Voevod, who is an intimate friend of Herriot's. The Liberals are still harping on the Skoda affair and trying to create a domestic arms industry that will make Rumania independent of foreign supplies, but the people have little interest in such a long-range project, especially as their living conditions are going from bad to worse. Maniu therefore jumped into the spotlight in December when he took advantage of the celebration of his sixty-first birthday to urge a New Deal for Rumania similar to Jevtič's plans for Yugoslavia. He stated that 80 per cent of the people are undernourished and urged currency reform, nationalization of the big industries, and increased expenditures on public works. These proposals have thrown the Liberals, who believe in laissez-faire capitalism, into a panic because Maniu seriously intends to carry out his programme. The handful of feudal families that support the al-

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liance with France and the Little Entente will not be likely to surrender without a struggle, and, whatever the outcome may be, Rumanian foreign policy will be weakened by the threatened domestic disorders.

BULGARIA HAD its second palace revolution in less than a year when Premier Georgieff had to resign because the men who had organized the coup d'état that placed him in power last May turned more and more against King Boris. Although Georgieff had ridden into office on Boris's popularity and had proved himself a capable Premier to boot, the King was confined to his palace, a virtual prisoner, for several months, and the country was governed by a military dictatorship. But Colonel Damian Veltcheff and Petar Todoroff, the ringleaders of the coup d'état, were suspected of planning to incorporate Bulgaria with Yugoslavia, and at the same time their Fascist movement, led by a hodgepodge of professors, journalists, intellectuals, and army men failed to create the new apparatus of government they had promised. As a result of their overthrow the press censorship has been relaxed, and the newspapers freely discuss what type of government should be established next. Georgieff smashed the Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, drove the powerful Communist Party underground, and recognized the Soviet Union, and the present Government, headed by General Zlatteff, will pursue the same general pro-French policy. According to the semi-official *Temps* of Paris, it will not, however, resist the influence that Russia is again exercising in the Slavic world. 'A considerable change has come over Europe since the return of Russia, in spite of its Soviet régime, to the ranks of the Great Powers. It is a fact that must be allowed for by anyone who wants to understand the scope of the rapprochement between the Little Entente nations, the Balkan Entente, and Russia.' The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* emphasizes the same paradox of a Fascist state drawing close to the Soviet Union, and it points out that the Bulgarian Government 'has banned the Communist movement so completely that it can even establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.'

IN JANUARY we pointed out that the marriage of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina was not an unadulterated love match but that it was preparing the way for England to take a more active part in Balkan affairs. And now comes the report from Max Rudert, who exposed the Hitler-Thyssen tie-up months before Ernst Henri's *Hitler over Europe* appeared, that the Duke of Kent is being groomed as the next King of Greece. In 1921 and 1922 it was the Zaharoff-Venizelos-Lloyd George triumvirate that made possible the Greco-Turkish War, and, although Zaharoff's dream of a Grecian empire commanding the Bosporus and much of Asia Minor went glimmering along with the schemes of the

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Anglo-Persian Oil Company for a monopoly of the Iraq petroleum fields, enough water has now flown under the bridge for some of the same forces to emerge again. This time, according to a brief article by Max Rudert in *Europäische Hefte*, a German émigré weekly, the great merchant families of Greece, who lost valuable investments and trading opportunities in southern Russia after the Revolution, have gained the support of Zaharoff, Deterding, and the House of Windsor itself to supplant the present mildly pro-Russian, pro-Turkish republic with a pro-British monarchy. A Royalist paper in Athens, *Vradini*, has already announced that eight billion drachmas—some $75,000,000—are to be spent on armaments during the next six years, supposedly with American firms but actually with Vickers. The money to pay for these deliveries, according to Herr Rudert, is being raised in London and Athens, and the accession of the Duke of Kent to the Greek throne will provide the finishing touch. Not only is this Zaharoff's last card, it is a skillful British diplomatic manœuvre to prevent Russian influence from securing a foothold in southeastern Europe.

NOT LONDON, New York, or Berlin, but backward Abyssinia has become the scene of a highly complicated drama of imperialist intrigue. Elsewhere in this issue a German contributor describes Japan's incursions in that quarter, and they may indeed help to account for Europe's sudden interest in African affairs, but there are other reasons, too. For one thing, important concessions must be made to Italy in return for that country's support of the *status quo* in Central Europe, and, when Laval surrendered still more territory in the neighborhood of Abyssinia to Mussolini, he was hoping not only to placate but to occupy the Italian dictator. England also has reasons to give Italy a free hand in Abyssinia. Whether the Anglo-Japanese alliance is ultimately revived or whether it is replaced by an Anglo-American alliance, Japan at the present time is giving England dangerous competition on world markets, and, if Italy can be enlisted to thwart Japanese ambitions in Africa, so much the better. It is a tribute to the power of Hitler in Europe and to the power of Japan in the Orient that three of the chief European nations have buried their differences regarding a rich and unexploited area, over which they have been squabbling for more than thirty years.

THE FLIGHT of the Chinese Communists from the province of Kiangsi may not only prove a Pyrrhic victory for Chiang Kai-shek, it sets the stage for a renewal of the civil war between the Nanking and the Canton Governments. The spread of Communism in the eastern coastal cities has certainly been checked, but only at the expense of increased activity in the interior, especially in the rich province of Szechwan, which pos-

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sesses valuable oil deposits that two American geologists are investigating in behalf of the Nanking Government. Meanwhile, Hu Han-min, the military leader of the southern faction with headquarters at Canton, which advocates more vigorous opposition to the Japanese, took advantage of Chiang Kai-shek's anti-Red campaign to visit North China and sound out some of the local generals and alarmed Chiang Kai-shek so much that he postponed indefinitely the November session of the Kuomintang convention, at which he had hoped to be named president as well as generalissimo. Furthermore, the Canton faction has taken a leaf out of Nanking's book and has acquired an air force two-thirds as large as Chiang Kai-shek's, so that it will not be wiped out as the Fukien rebellion of a year ago was by superior air strength.

OUR GROUP of three articles on Japan at home and abroad covers almost every aspect of Japanese economic activity to-day; all that we can add here is a little up-to-date information on the trade balance. During 1934 the unfavorable trade balance amounted to 130,000,000 yen as compared with 85,435,000 yen in 1933, but both imports and exports gained. For the first time in history exports of cotton textiles exceeded raw-silk exports, and rayon textiles again surpassed exports of silk textiles. But Japan's conquest of world markets has slowed down somewhat. In 1933 Japanese export trade showed an increase of 31 per cent over 1932; in 1934 the increase was only 16 per cent. To-day Japan is exporting 61 per cent of all the finished products it produces, as compared with 54 per cent last year, and exports of semi-finished goods have risen from 60 to 63 per cent. Imports of certain raw materials have increased by leaps and bounds. Japan is buying 60 per cent more tin than in 1933 and 50 per cent more copper than in 1932. It took nearly one-tenth of America's record export of 200,000,000 pounds of copper during the month of November. Imports of all raw materials have risen 21 per cent since 1933, while food imports fell by 6 per cent. The combined total of imports and exports exceeded that of any year except 1925, 1926, and 1929.

SOME INTERESTING new light on the mysterious Chaco War appears in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*. A special correspondent not only draws some surprising parallels between the fighting in the Chaco and the fighting on the western front during the World War, but in doing so he gives more than an inkling of the forces at work behind the South American scene. The Bolivian army has followed German tactics under the leadership of German officers, whereas one of the two native commanders of the Paraguayan forces learned the art of war under Foch in France and the other served in the Belgian army. Their two ablest

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foreign assistants are of British blood, and a number of their subordinates are White Russians. The fighting dates back to 1922 when a revolution broke out in Paraguay because the President was about to permit the Bolivians to build a pipe line from their rich oil fields across Paraguayan territory to the Paraguay River. Bolivia thereupon hired General Hans Kundt and the late Captain Ernst Röhm to prepare for action. Kundt had planned a sudden attack on Paraguay after the pattern of the famous Schlieffen Plan that the German high command followed when it invaded Belgium, but news of his project reached the enemy, and he was dismissed. A Spanish military mission replaced him, but the defeats it suffered when hostilities began in 1932 led to the return of Kundt, who lasted for about a year and was replaced first by a Chilean mission and then by General Payek of Czechoslovakia. But the heavy artillery and tanks of the Bolivians proved useless in the hot jungle wastes of the Chaco, where the Paraguayan soldiers were quite at home, and again, as in 1914, a highly mechanized mass attack failed.

DIVERSIFICATION OF CROPS, sustenance farming, and the creation of an agricultural middle class are proposed as most immediate solutions for the difficulties of Cuba by the Commission on Cuban Affairs selected by the Foreign Policy Association. This Commission, while unofficial in character, was organized following an invitation by President Carlos Mendieta, and its report, entitled *Problems of the New Cuba*, presents such complete evidence concerning the economic, political, and social aspects of the problem that it might well serve as a text book for those Americans who believe that economic expansion beyond our borders is a simple matter of investments and dividends.

While diversification of crops is a pressing need in a one-crop country like Cuba, sustenance gardening, however, has been proposed as a cure for low wages, seasonal work, and unemployment in such totally different situations—notably the automobile industry in Detroit—that it is somewhat disappointing to hear it as a solution for Cuba. The report might have emphasized more strongly that the United States has not seen fit to allow refining on the island to any great extent—only one-fifth of Cuba's sugar quota is allowed entry in a form ready for direct consumption—although this industry would provide all-year employment to a considerable number of workers, whereas the 'dead season,' when there is no grinding at the *centrales*, now lasts about nine or ten months. The failure of western nations to develop industries outside their own borders and their policy in forcing agricultural countries to serve as reservoirs of raw materials alone is a major factor in the impoverishment of these areas, including the Far East, and in the consequent loss of markets.

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This trio of articles shows Japan penetrating two spheres of Britain's imperial interest—Abyssinia and Afghanistan. The third points out some weaknesses on the domestic agrarian front.

Enter JAPAN

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. JAPAN ENTERS ABYSSINIA

By A. DOHERR

Translated from the *Tat*, Jena National-Socialist Monthly

JAPAN'S policy of expansion goes forward under the pressure of a constantly growing population. It not only annexes and colonizes sources of foodstuffs and raw materials, but it tends more and more to export human beings as well as goods. In addition to the emigrants who have settled on the banks of the Pacific, in Lower California and South America, Japan's export industries are promoting a combined spiritual and economic imperialism. This sphere of Japanese influence extends farther every year thanks to complete rationalization of industry, lower wages, longer working hours, cheap labor by women and children, and sixty-per-cent devaluation of the yen.

In addition to the markets of Europe, Japan is also turning to the growing and larger markets of South America, Oceania, and Africa. Thus it becomes not only an economic danger to the European exporting countries but to European political and intellectual concepts. For the colored races, who were once convinced of white superiority, are now undergoing a planless but none the less real awakening. This tremendous development takes form in the flaming na-

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tional consciousness of the Malayan inhabitants of Sumatra, in the efforts of the Mohammedans to gain independence, in Ibn Saud's struggle for a Greater Arabia, in the all-too-much ignored demands of the Egyptian Nationalists to give Japan free rein in the cotton plantations of the Nile Valley, from which it was previously barred.

Japanese penetration of Abyssinia thus goes beyond mere economic influence. It also includes penetration by Japanese immigrants as pioneers of Japanese culture and pan-Asiatic doctrines. It constitutes a considerable threat to the British railway line from the Cape to Cairo as well as to the Sudan, which is to become the British Empire's future reservoir of cotton. The broad stream of surplus Japanese labor power has been flowing in greater volume toward the east coast of Africa since Japan quit the League of Nations and since the Pacific colonizing areas were forbidden to Japanese settlers.

II

Abyssinia, a country with every variety of climate from that of the Alps to tropical swamps, possesses rich untapped reserves of coal, iron, sulphur, copper, gold, and platinum. If loans were extended to finance its industrial development and to improve its primitive agriculture, if wheat, cotton, oil, iron, rubber, and tobacco were systematically exploited, it would possess more possibilities than almost any country in the world. Already Abyssinia has developed a by-no-means insignificant export trade in hides, coffee, wax, and ivory. The country is also as rich in nut trees, wild-coffee bushes, and great herds of cattle as it is in mineral wealth. But the political value of Abyssinia lies in the fact that it controls the sources of the Nile, on which England's position in the cotton market depends. These waters overflow Egypt every year and determine the fertility of the Nile Valley. It is to British interests to control Abyssinia's water supply. The country is so closely bound up with the economic life of the Sudan and Egypt that England has left no stone unturned to make Abyssinia a British economic colony.

Abyssinia has succeeded nevertheless in escaping the toils of British economic imperialism by playing the interested Powers off against each other. Empress Zeoditu and her fellow regent, Ras Tafari, the present Emperor, gave an American company the hotly contested concession to build the still uncompleted dam on Lake Tsana, which regulates the Sudan's water supply and which enables Abyssinia to control the water supply of the Nile Valley, where England is established.

Italy's position in Abyssinia has depended on England from the start, and Italian influence exploits the rivalries between native rulers. Under Menelik II Abyssinia maintained its independence in the face of Crispi's expansion policy and in 1906 signed a treaty with France and England defining the recognized zones of Italian influence. Italy was granted the right to penetrate the interior economically from its colonial ports and to build a railway across Abyssinia. The plans met with great difficulties during the War and came to a complete halt after 1919 because Wilson's slogan of self-determination of nations had an unexpected effect on the colored nations, creating an entirely new situation.

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The Anglo-Italian agreement of 1925 gave Italy the right to build a railway connecting the port of Massaua in the Italian colony of Eritrea with Gondar and Addis Ababa, crossing northern Abyssinia and the southern part of the Chuba Valley and running from there to Italian Somaliland. Ras Tafari, the cleverest diplomat in his country, has still succeeded in thwarting this plan by appealing to the League of Nations, attacking this treaty and demanding complete freedom of action for his Government. But Abyssinia's formal success did not prevent England and Italy from signing a secret treaty defining Italy's zones of political influence in that region.

In the treaty of friendship that Italy signed with Abyssinia on August 2, 1928, it came closer to achieving its purpose since it received the concession to build, instead of a railway, an automobile road from Assab on the Red Sea, which was declared a free port, to inner Abyssinia. But it cost too much money and encountered tremendous technical difficulties. Nevertheless, Abyssinia was described by Mussolini himself in his speech of March 18, 1934, as 'the most important problem confronting Italian policy in Africa.' He further declared that the solution of this problem lay within the scope of the Italian economic system and its natural powers of expansion, especially because, 'after mature reflection upon conditions, neither Libya nor the East African colonies have much to offer Italy in the next twenty years.'

But, as Italy's aggressive methods began to win the upper hand in Abyssinia, increasing difficulties arose, and Mussolini's tireless efforts to extend his sphere of influence kept encountering fresh setbacks. This has become most noticeable since Abyssinia discovered in Japan an unexpected and extraordinarily powerful supporter.

Japan to-day not only dominates Abyssinia itself but has checked Italy's aspirations, as the bloody border incidents in December, 1934, could not help revealing. For months considerable reinforcements of Italian colonial troops had been pouring into the district, fearing that Italian Somaliland and Eritrea might 'have to defend themselves.' Furthermore, Abyssinia increased and modernized its army following the visit of a Belgian military mission in 1930. The official assurances of friendship that both parties exchanged after the first incidents in Gondar were presently discounted by considerable military clashes along the Abyssinian Somaliland frontier.

Abyssinia demanded the establishment of an arbitration court in pursuance of the terms of the Italian-Abyssinian Treaty of friendship. Although a legal solution may be expected, the episodes are of a very serious character because the Japanese and Abyssinians collaborated. It seems by no means unlikely that these events may lead to a new international statute for Abyssinia, especially now that Italy is engaged in colonial negotiations with France, and France is preparing to grant Italy's demands for a piece of territory connecting Libya and Lake Chad. Italy is to be allowed to participate in the Djibuti-Addis Ababa railway, which was previously to be a purely French affair.

As late as 1931, Abyssinia imported 57 per cent of its products from British

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India, whereas it took a bare 12 per cent from Japan. To-day, according to the Italians, Japan has 80 per cent of the Abyssinian textile markets in its hands. This economic rapprochement, and all its political consequences, between the greatest Power in Asia and the last independent African country has gone forward in complete silence. Japan's exports and the successes that Japanese trading organizations have met with affect England most severely since British India used to supply the Abyssinian market with all its spun- and woven-cotton goods.

III

Japan's penetration, however, is even more a political threat to European influence, especially now that the plans for a modernized Abyssinian army have equipped the country with modern tanks and airplanes. The dispatch of a Japanese commission of military engineers, ostensibly to survey sites for military flying fields, quickly led to an exchange of views between Rome, London, and Paris. Announcements that Japanese munitions were being shipped to Abyssinia increased the unrest.

In the autumn of 1933 the Abyssinian Foreign Minister told the assembled representatives of the world press in Cairo that Japanese economic influence was attempting to play a decisive part in his country's development. The Abyssinian Government then let it be known through its Foreign Minister that it had placed at Japan's disposition free of charge 400 hectares of land for cotton growing and that it was ready to hand over more land, as it has since done.

Japanese merchants and industrialists have been allowed to settle in certain territories. A Japanese-Abyssinian corporation has leased 650 thousand hectares of cotton-growing country, a concession that gave Japan almost no special privileges beyond those contained in the most-favored-nation treatment entered into on November 15, 1930, similar to the treaties that Abyssinia has signed with many other states. Article II of this treaty is modeled on the treaty between Abyssinia and France, signed in 1908, granting to the signatory Powers freedom to settle and do business inside each other's countries. Thus, Japan acquired the right to grow cotton and coffee on Abyssinian soil just as similar treaties grant that same right to other nations.

The land in question is low-lying territory, and the Abyssinian Government receives as rental 10 per cent of the yield as well as the usual rental price. The chief difficulty that confronted cotton growers was that the natives could not live in the unhealthy river valleys and that labor had to be imported. In March, 1934, Tokyo signed an immigration treaty, permitting the immigration of many thousand Japanese, who are to be employed exclusively on the cotton plantations. Both states also agreed to encourage marriages between the two nations.

The first joint economic measure undertaken by the two countries occurred when Abyssinian tariffs on Japanese goods were sharply cut. Japan's presence in Abyssinia has for months past aroused the increasing concern of Italy and England, yet even those two countries are no longer in a position to defeat Japan's plans in Abyssinia. By growing cotton in

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Africa, Japan is doing much more than freeing itself from the English-controlled Indian market. Japan's penetration of Africa means the beginning of a new Japanese industry that will lay the basis for Japanese trade to enter the continent by way of Abyssinia.

II. Japan Enters Afghanistan

By H. C. Nebel

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

FAR-REACHING events are brewing between the western border of China and British India and on the Malay Archipelago. The inhabitants of Siam, who are racially related to the Japanese and believe in the same religion, have turned their eyes from the West and are now looking toward Tokyo. In Annam the marriage of young Emperor Bao Dai to Hu Hao could not conceal the great change that has occurred in spite of the bride's Parisian clothes. Japan's bold words are ringing out across Mongolia and Turkestan and are reaching as far as Tibet and Nepal.

Nor is it purely a matter of words. The death of the Dalai Lama has set an avalanche rolling, and a tremendous struggle has started for the almost completely unclaimed markets of the region north of the Himalayan Mountains. Great Britain and Soviet Russia, China and Japan are racing at top speed to gain first place in mysterious Lhasa, the city of monks. At first England had the inside track. It dispatched a military mission to build a telegraph line between the Tibetan capital and Darjeeling, the paradise of the Himalayas and the last station on the Indian railway. The mission took advantage of the opportunity to gain influence over the Tibetan army, which it reorganized and armed after the reactionary lamas on the army staff had been dismissed. With a combined Indian-Tibetan division, the English were able to dominate the civil wars in eastern Turkestan, occupy Jarkent, and defend the British consulate in Kashgar against the plundering Kirghiz.

The results of these border struggles northwest of Tibet, which the Soviet Russians watched anxiously, are not of primary importance to the English. The vital thing from their point of view is to keep a firm hand on the men who surround the living Buddha. They are guarding the child who is next in line for this post and who occupies the bizarre palace of Yecheng Hutuktu. This child was born the hour the Dalai Lama died and is therefore ordained by God as his successor. Only the power able to gain the support of this omnipotent monk can penetrate Tibet economically. And England attaches great importance to Lhasa. It wants to develop a new trade area there in a big way. But Tibet's Soviet Russian neighbor is lying in wait and preparing trouble. Chinese regiments and airplanes are holding themselves in readiness to conquer the throne of Yecheng Hutuktu. The Panchen Lama, the second spiritual ruler of Tibet, is waiting to settle accounts with the pro-English Lama. Mean-

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while, Japan quietly watches this great game in which Afghanistan represents an important card.

That Asiatic kingdom, hemmed in by almost impassable mountains and inhabited by about ten million people, covers an area of some three-quarters of a million square kilometres. It is bordered by the Soviet Union on the north, by British India on the south, and by Persia on the west. It serves as a buffer state between English and Russian territory. The land route between Asia Minor and Central Asia, between Syria and India passes this way. Afghanistan is a stronghold of the Islamic religion, and, if it has been able to preserve its independence, it is because of its liberty-loving, militant, hardy mountaineers. The Hindu Kush Mountains run through the kingdom from west to east, but their passes are free from snow only in the summertime. The Afghans, an Aryan shepherd tribe, wander with great herds between the Hindu Kush Mountains and the plains, which are watered by rivers flowing from the mountains. The whole country is dotted with bizarre huts, and the cattle find nourishment under the shadow of the mountains or on the edges of broad deserts of rock and sand. It is an overpowering, tremendous landscape. The Persian Tadjik tribes are firmly installed here. They occupy themselves in the villages and cities as artisans, shopkeepers, traders, teachers, priests, and official representatives of Persian culture.

Unlike the Mohammedans of Persia, the Afghans are not Shiites but Sunnites. That means that they have the same faith as the fanatically devout upholders of the 'pure doctrine' who live in Asia Minor, and therefore they carry tremendous influence all the way from the southern and eastern Mediterranean cities in Arabia through India and on far into China. Nor is this influence purely religious. It also takes political form. The position that the Afghan dervishes occupy in the world-wide community of the Sunnite sect of Islam has been compared with the importance of the monks of Mount Athos within the old Greek Orthodox Church. Afghan monks make pilgrimages year in and year out from one end of Asia to another. The Bujuk Chelebbi, whose family has inherited for centuries the right to gird the Ottoman Sultan with his sword, used to be able to boast only twenty years ago, 'The interior of Asia sees all the events of the world through the eyes of Afghan dervishes.'

The Afghans enjoyed high spiritual prestige in pre-war Turkey. The supreme command of the most famous Turkish dervish monastery was always reserved for the Afghans, but since 1925 dervishes have been forbidden in Turkey. The legend of the monastery reads, 'When the abbot lies at the point of death, let his successor make his way to his post from remote Hindu Kush by Allah's command.' As soon as the head of their order had died, the dervishes would form a festive procession to receive their new leader, and they always wanted him to be close by the monastery.

Afghanistan to-day does not figure as a rich country. Date palms grow in its southern district, and in the north vegetables, rice, and cotton are cultivated with difficult and primitive methods and yield such meagre harvests that they cannot compete with more advanced systems. The shep-

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herds raise not only steatopygous sheep but draft animals, camels, horses, and donkeys, on whose backs they load most of their wares. Both Russia and England have considered building a strategic railway running north and south from Bukhara to India, and the capital city, Kabul, has recently been made accessible by air. Two telegraph and two telephone lines and a radio station provide communication with the outer world. Afghanistan's exports, primarily wool and hides, go to India, and India in turn provides the country with its food, textiles, oil, machinery, and industrial products. But even long before the World War Afghanistan endeavored to make itself independent of its dangerous neighbors by manufacturing its own munitions. Under the rule of that gifted statesman, Emir Habeb Ullah, Krupp built a rifle factory in Kabul that is the pride of the country and that enables it to turn out an astonishing amount of its own military equipment.

II

For both Russia and England, Afghanistan used to be nothing more than a strategic zone, an outer area without sufficient economic importance to be assimilated by either country. But Afghanistan is by no means satisfied with this rôle. The present ruler, young Zavir Khan, is a well-educated man and has clearly stated that he is eager for his country's welfare and is therefore showing extraordinary skill in playing ball with anybody that chance throws his way. Three years ago he married his cousin, who bore him his first son and thus provided a successor to the throne. Angora and Moscow both informed Teheran that it was of great importance for Persia to establish as close relations as possible with Kabul.

But Afghanistan decided to ally itself with Islamic nations only. Persia then cleverly killed two birds with one stone by having Afghanistan and Iraq sign a treaty of friendship in Teheran. Thus, King Feisal's ambitious son and Zavir Khan obligated themselves to each other. They made it evident to the Turks and Soviet Russians what was under way in Kabul and Baghdad, snapped their fingers at England, which was in no position to raise objections to such Islamic alliances, and caused Ibn Saud to prick up his ears in amazement. A telegraph line connecting Kabul and Teheran is now under construction.

The Japanese have followed events in Afghanistan for years. They have observed the efforts of the young King to establish sugar, match, and lumber industries. In April of this year an imposing Japanese trade delegation visited Kabul. Its task was to establish political and economic relationships between the Mikado's Empire and Afghanistan. This delegation was aided by a distinguished Japanese Moslem of the Sunnite sect, who visited the chief mosque with the leading Afghans, who were beside themselves with enthusiasm.

The whole country poured out its heart to the Japanese. For the first time, the Afghans had the feeling that at last one Great Power would really help them develop their natural wealth and build up something great and formidable for the future. During a three weeks' stay the trade delegation was able to propose a tremendous

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plan of industrialization that had been carefully prepared in advance and return home with valuable concessions and the draft of a treaty. Great Britain perceived too late that Japan was endeavoring to supplant it in Afghanistan. Economic experts were therefore sent from India to Kabul, arriving there just after the Japanese had left. Even the English had to admit that the Japanese had scored a success.

Big Japanese concerns and Japanese banks are establishing branches in the larger cities of the country. Japanese geological expeditions are penetrating everywhere, boring wells. Clearly a methodical, integrated plan is being executed. The wealth of the soil is to be exploited under Japanese leadership and the fields and extensive forests are to be turned to account. The Japanese will construct Afghan industries that will increase the country's importance. An Afghan-Japanese Chamber of Commerce has been founded. Leading Afghans are being invited to Tokyo. Japanese engineers, officers, scholars, and schoolmasters are busily bringing all the blessings of technology that the King of the Afghans desires for his people. In the capital huge office buildings, modern garages, hangars, slaughter houses, reservoirs, electrical plants, and big new machine factories are rising. The Japanese are not only men of action, they are also skilled psychologists.

In June His Excellency Mabsama Tolitav entered Kabul. He had just been appointed ambassador to the King of Afghanistan by the Mikado. The extension of Japanese influence will unquestionably continue seriously and energetically. Thus a new factor of great importance is asserting itself in that part of the world.

III. Japan Enters Difficulties

By Professor Paul Keller

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

The Slump in Agriculture

WHILE Japanese industry and trade are winning new victories every month, the condition of Japanese agriculture goes from bad to worse. This double development is destroying the inner balance of Japanese national economy and creating a tension that is already making itself felt in the country's political and social life and that seems likely to become more important in the near future.

Japan's economic troubles do not lie in the sphere of industrial production and exports; they lie rather in the present and future condition of that half of the people who belong to the peasantry. For misery and even starvation, as a result of the bad harvest this year, have become matters of public concern, and the farm problem has acquired tremendous weight. Parliament's large appropriations for emergency farm projects and for direct aid to suffering farmers are easing the pressure somewhat, but they cannot eliminate the misery of the Japanese peasants. This lies too deep and is too closely connected with the whole agrarian system for merely

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superficial measures to provide a real cure.

Japan needs extensive agrarian reforms. The contradiction between modern capitalism, which pervades the whole sphere of industry, and the continued mediæval condition of agriculture cannot continue indefinitely. The increasingly necessary relaxation of this tension will bring Japan to a decisive point in its economic and political development, for its future power as a nation is fundamentally determined by the solution of its agrarian problem. Hence, the outer world has a direct interest in what happens to Japanese agriculture.

II

The soil of Japan is in the hands of big landowners, who live on their rents and do not farm the land themselves. Tenants do the actual work on small plots of ground. Of the five and a half million farms in Japan, only some two hundred thousand include more than three hectares of cultivated land. Eighty per cent of the agricultural population suffers from lack of land, most of which is owned by the noble families and the monasteries, which possessed it in feudal times—that is, up to 1868; the rest has recently come into the possession of newly rich financiers. The tenant farmers must surrender between fifty and seventy per cent of the annual yield and are seldom allowed to retain more than half for themselves. Since the Japanese tenant farmer pays rent in kind, he has lost all influence in determining the price of his products. He cannot take advantage of periods when the price of rice—his staple product—goes up. And, although there have been movements among the tenant farmers that led to strikes, they have not yet succeeded in bettering this mediæval practice.

Investigations of conditions among the peasants have shown overwhelmingly that both the small tenant and the so-called farmer, who possesses a little land of his own in addition to the land that he rents, normally work at a deficit. The tenant farmer works hard on land that belongs to somebody else and that does not yield enough to nourish his family. He is therefore compelled to find supplementary work in road building, forestry service, and handicrafts.

Another cause for the weakness of Japanese agriculture in addition to the concentrated holdings and the high rents is that the land is used to produce one crop only. Rice is by far the most important product, although much territory is also devoted to mulberry trees, on which the silk worms live. As a rule, however, each peasant devotes his land to growing one crop. This may be due to the small size of each individual farm and also to the inclination of the Japanese peasant, who is strongly bound by tradition, to remain as he always has been—a specialist. Only recently in the big rice districts of northern Japan, partly due to the efforts of Catholic missionaries, have vegetables also been cultivated. Potato growing is gradually being taken up, and in Hokkaido, which is the most recently colonized island, the farmers also raise grain and cattle.

The pronounced tendency of Japan to monoculture arises from the traditional tendency of the whole population to live on one article of diet, and rice occupies a preponderant position on the bill of fare. But monoculture

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always means greater risks. The failure or success of a year's work depends entirely on the outcome of the rice harvest, and, since it is bad every few years, the Japanese tenant farmer is always worried and is always accumulating more debts, which he meets by selling his daughters into prostitution. According to Japanese sources, the three northern agricultural districts sell twenty-eight thousand girls a year into houses of prostitution.

The indebtedness of the Japanese peasantry is not due solely to the large payments in kind that leave insufficient money to buy the expensive artificial fertilizers, which are required because of the lack of manure. The present taxation system of Japan is also a serious obstacle. This bears down proportionately more heavily on land and soil than on the new mobile wealth of trade and industry. Even to-day the State meets most of its financial needs by old methods of taxation derived from the peasants' holdings. Because the State had to provide considerable financial assistance in building up Japanese industry and shipping, the Japanese peasant played an essential part in making possible Japan's rise as an industrial and exporting nation. Indeed, the peasant is still doing this very thing to-day.

The low prices of the vital foodstuffs he provides enable the urban and industrial population to maintain life on very low wages, and these low wages, in turn, give Japan an exporting power that has made itself felt all over the world. Whereas other countries have suffered from an economic policy favorable to their peasants, Japan has followed the opposite course. Her agriculture has been suffering for years. Here the peasant goes hungry in order that industry may prosper and Japanese foreign trade expand. The unequal taxation and the favors granted to the industrial urban districts as compared with the agrarian districts have created increasing tension.

Japan cannot avoid far-reaching agricultural reform. The country must adopt various important measures dangerous to the national finances. This will relieve the Japanese peasantry of its burden of debt. The peasant must be freed of his oppressive debts, which he and his family cannot possibly pay. He must again be given the opportunity to maintain himself on the soil by his own work. But the tenant farmer is not the only one who needs assistance to-day. Many of the small landowners have also gone deeply into debt as a result of bad harvest and insufficient yields from the land they rent. And behind them stand shaky agrarian banks, which have fallen into difficulties because their debtors cannot repay their loans. Japanese economy is a closely-knit structure of indebtedness and is rotten at the core.

If Japanese agriculture is to be reformed, the present land laws must be changed. The wretched conditions that now exist will improve if the peasants own the land they farm and an entirely new relationship between man and the soil is created. A new distribution of land should provide each Japanese family of peasants with enough land to live on and should give them the opportunity to cultivate their own soil in such a way that the present uncertainties of monoculture are removed. Due to the influence of western procedure and partly as a result of conscious pressure by the

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army, Japanese dietary habits are gradually changing from dependence on rice alone to the adoption of meat, milk, butter, potatoes, eggs, and fruit. This is a change of the greatest significance to the Japanese peasant because it opens up new products and markets to him. A sound agricultural credit system would also have to guarantee that the land would really remain in the hands of the individual peasant.

Certain circles in Japan clearly understand the impossibility of maintaining the present agricultural relationships. But no powerful peasant movement has yet endorsed far-reaching agrarian reform, possibly because the Government is as opposed to it as it is to the labor movement, or possibly because the older peasants regard their own way of life as a necessary manifestation of nature. But the younger generation is criticizing present conditions. It desires far-reaching reforms, all the more so because industry is absorbing fewer young men and women from the farms and offering them jobs in the cities. Industry still makes some use of cheap labor from the farms, but with the foreign trade expansion moving more slowly in recent months and with the rapid rationalization and mechanization of industry the labor field is necessarily narrowing, and the pressure on the land is increasing.

To-day the Japanese peasant is neither organized nor capable of political action. Such organizations as do exist are in the hands of the State or are the creation of capitalists rather than peasants. Government propaganda has shown great skill in permeating the whole population with the idea that great dangers are facing Japan in the next two years,—'the crisis of 1935–36,'—and it is succeeding once more in blocking any rebellious or reforming peasant movement. No Japanese peasant will demand a far-reaching and difficult agrarian reform at a moment of national danger. Yet the peasant has a powerful friend in the army. The Japanese army and the Japanese peasantry are to a large extent identical. Many of the officers, even high-ranking officers, are of peasant origin. The peasant who has lost faith in political parties and in the parliamentary system sympathizes with the army's way of thinking because the army is anti-parliamentary. Although Japan is now ruled by the army and navy, opposition to agricultural reform is still too strong. But, if the country should have to go to war in the next few years, the Japanese soldier who defends the national soil with his life will not be content to return to the impossible conditions that an outmoded agrarian system still enforces. Like the east European peasant after the World War, the Japanese peasant will put through an agrarian reform that will make him an independent farmer.

The Boom in Industry

I remember a conversation I had with the national economist, Franz Oppenheimer, after the War. That determined opponent of the big German landowners and of the proletarian agrarian wageworker was convinced that the income of the poorest Polish farmer east of the River Elbe equaled that of the average German worker. The development of international economic relationships during the past ten years has led many others to share his views concerning the interconnec-

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tions between the domestic and the international wage level. And the most impressive example now exists in Japan because the domestic wage level has had a great effect on world economics.

There is hardly any country in which the income of the poorest farmer determines all wages to the extent that it does in Japan. Anyone who attempts to explain the low wages of the Japanese industrial worker by the lack of a strong labor movement or by the domination that big industries exercise on the Government overlooks an economic factor of much greater importance—the continuing misery of the Japanese peasants on the bare, overcrowded land of a country where the population is increasing at the rate of almost a million a year.

Four-fifths of the employees in the Japanese textile industry are girls, most of whom receive between thirty and forty-five sens for ten hours of unskilled labor a day. The great reservoir of the rural population always puts its surplus labor at the disposition of Japanese industry, and the worse it goes with the poorest tenant farmer the more wages of all workers tend to decline, including clerks and officials. Here is the only reason why the low pay in Japanese industry has sunk still lower this year in spite of the great export triumphs and the rising cost of living.

European newspapers often complain that the Japanese industrial worker receives starvation wages and is compelled to lead an inhuman life. But the circumstances of the country itself—in this case, the standard of living of other classes in Japan—determine what is 'inhuman.' From this point of view, we cannot fail to recognize that the wages of Japanese industry offer wide groups of people better conditions than they enjoyed before capitalist development. The present wages enable the Japanese industrial worker to maintain a standard of living that is certainly not ideal but that is proportionate to the standard of living of the peasants and the public officials.

The buying power of the small wages they receive remains high enough to enable the workers to satisfy their needs, which are modest indeed compared with European and American demands, and even to save something by pooling family earnings. For as long as the Japanese retains his traditional way of life, as long as he subsists on rice and fish, lives in an unheated two-room house made of wood or paper, sits on the ground on straw mats, wears wooden shoes and a cheap kimono and likes it, we cannot speak of social dumping, since that implies unfair competition. Finally, general living conditions in Japan are so completely different from those in such a country as Switzerland that no comparisons between the two can be fairly made.

III

The modest standard of living of the Japanese industrial worker represents the real danger to the present price and wage level of other industrial countries. If the living conditions of the Japanese workers were regarded as inhuman by the standards of their own country, other nations would then be justified in hoping for an opposition labor movement or strikes for higher wages. But no relaxation of international competition by a rise of wages and prices or by a powerful

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Japanese labor movement can be detected in the near future. The intellectual leaders and Communist Party members who came from the universities a few years ago are either in prison, or else they have foresworn their so-called 'dangerous ideas.' If the present unhappy condition of many industrial workers is to be really improved, as various officials have demanded, that can be done by a relatively slight raise in wages. But such a wide gulf would still separate Japanese wages from European and American ones that Japan would not lose its advantages on the world market.

To-day the Japanese employer pays the lowest money wages in the world. This fact is decisive to the exporter. In reckoning his production costs the Japanese industrialist counts on the low wages and low expenditures of the working class on food and rent. In spite of large profits—textile factories during the past year paid dividends of between 18 and 20 per cent and machine factories paid dividends of 30 per cent and more—the Japanese exporter can sell his wares at a price that overwhelms the impoverished foreign purchaser, especially now that the Japanese currency has lost two-thirds of its former value abroad. Among the industrial states of the world, Japan to-day is playing the rôle of the last agrarian worker against whose low wages the whole world must compete.

Although this prospect is dreary enough for Europe, it should be added that the wages that the Japanese industrial worker receives are not the lowest in the world. To-day the employer who wants the cheapest possible labor hires Koreans, whose wants are even more modest than those of the Japanese. Japan therefore fears the future competition that the even cheaper labor power of China may offer and is already seeking to turn this labor power to its own advantage by building factories in China. In spite of all the tension that exists at the present time, this competition between Japanese and Chinese labor power may make Japan more willing to enter into an understanding with China. If that comes to pass, the cheap labor power of the yellow races will stand united against the white races.

Domestic conditions in Japan can mitigate the present economic competition between nations only by the gradual operation of certain economic factors. Even in Japan the development of production will lead to more sharply differentiated wage scales. Skilled labor will receive more pay than it has heretofore. The poverty of the peasants has other effects than providing industry with cheap labor power. It also lays an increasing burden on the State. The rising national debt and currency devaluation are interconnected, and they are gradually handicapping Japanese economy, so that some day, in spite of all Japan's optimism, the present productive advantage that the country's new industries enjoy will be at least partly eliminated. But can Europe hold out until then?

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An American scholar describes the rivalries that have agitated the Danube Basin since the World War and prophesies a Fourth Reich that will embrace the former Empire of Austria-Hungary.

The Coming Fourth Reich

By Lloyd W. Eshleman

THE Powers that broke Austria-Hungary without creating a new Danubian system destroyed more than a great empire. They destroyed a thousand-year-old way of life that found belated recognition in Lord Acton's famous phrase, 'If Austria-Hungary did not exist, it would be necessary to create her.' Rightly or wrongly, the breakdown of the Hapsburg tradition is the one great fact that has furnished front-page news regarding Hitler, Mussolini, and the Central European succession states. World isolation, inherent in the destruction of Germany's one ally, hatched National Socialism with frenzied haste. It hatched also that stillborn body of 'revisionism,' which may at any moment sparkle into life. It fosters, too, the possibility of a Fascist *Imperium Romanum;* and it revivifies the forgotten prodigy of the Vatican—a *Sacrum Imperium* that may create a new kind of Holy Roman Empire under Hapsburg or related influence.

The nations most intimately involved in the creation of a new Danubian system are Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia; Italy, Germany, and France; and all but the last three comprise the Danubian region, which has an overwhelmingly Roman Catholic population. Political or economic revisionism, with ethnic changes in either case, has thus far been prevented for two reasons. For one thing, French hegemony has preserved intact the Little Entente to bolster the *status quo*. In the second place, the three chief revisionist movements—German National Socialism, Italian Fascism, and the Vatican with its plans for a new Holy Roman Empire—conflict at many points.

To-day the five succession states of the old Hapsburg monarchy all bear

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upon the banks of the Danube. Rival interests have stifled social, political, and economic progress in the region. Austria, the natural outlet on the west, still enjoys a view of the historic waters, but international anarchy has dammed the flow of commerce.

Political and economic restoration of a unified Danubian Power would be a restorative for Central Europe. Restoration of a Roman Catholic central region, presumably composed of Austria, Hungary, Slovenia, Croatia, and Slovakia and dependent upon Italy, would furnish Mussolini with a new ally, not to say a Fascist *Imperium Romanum*, as well as a new outlet for Italian commercial activity in central and eastern Europe and even the Orient. The creation of a strong Roman Catholic Danubian Federation—the *Sacrum Imperium*—presumably controlled by an established dynasty and an established church would compensate the Papacy for its recent losses in France and Spain and provide an entering wedge for penetration of eastern Europe.

The Vatican opposed the dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy during the War, and, had it foreseen the consequent blow to Catholicism, perhaps it would have fought harder. But it divided its efforts in an endeavor to prevent both Austrian and Italian disaffection. To-day German National Socialism and Italian Fascism oppose the erection of a new Holy Roman Empire: a *Sacrum Imperium*, and a compromise between them would probably produce two results: the erection of an *Imperium Romanum* and the Church's renunciation of any strong temporal claims exerted through a reigning dynasty.

It is to prevent such a pair of compromises that France, the strongest opposed Power, has offered Italy 'something for nothing' in the recent Laval-Mussolini agreement. It remains to be seen what she will offer Germany.

But any such gift ignores the 50,000,000 inhabitants of the Danubian region. Military dictatorships, controlled by ambitious demagogues and by visionary idealists with nationalistic aspirations, sooner or later end in ruin. For the inchoate, inarticulate masses of subject nationalities, and even masses of their own nationals, oppose them at heart. If, therefore, the Great Powers—France, England, Italy, or even Germany—prevent any noteworthy degree of political, social, and economic restitution in the Danubian area, we may look forward to the unpleasant spectacle of a new post-war generation drowning its grievances in blood. Already the first drops of the approaching storm have fallen upon Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Is the final debacle just in the offing?

A German commentator, Giselher Wirsing, has observed: 'It would be impossible to disentangle the confusion of recent European history if we were not able to reveal the simple directing idea that illuminates what appears to be a fight between each and all. The interests of the Powers are so intermingled that such catchwords as "revision" and "sanctity of treaties," which dominated Europe during the first decade after the dictate of Versailles, no longer explain popular movements. To a small, a very small degree, Europe has for years been moving toward a new war every day. . . . Everywhere there strides a ghost asking how long this will last.'

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II

It is extremely doubtful if the French African sop to Mussolini will produce more than a mythical alliance. Holding Tripoli and Libya by military force, Italy can hardly find satisfactory expansion in the desert wastes of the Sahara or amongst the recalcitrant Ethiopians of Abyssinia, bordering Somaliland. French support of Italian claims to the embittered Tyrolese and Slovenians who dwell in the Alps and the Dolomites long ago diverted Italy's ambitions from the west. Moreover, by protecting the Little Entente against either an Italian or a German *Drang nach Osten* France has relegated her erstwhile Italian ally to the Bay of Naples. Meanwhile, she creates favorable foreign sentiment by minor African concessions reminiscent of the minor concessions to Germany in Equatorial Africa shortly before the last World War.

What, then, is Italy's most likely future policy? Italy cannot risk a war for Tunisia, Algiers, Nice, and Savoy without stronger support than Germany at present might provide. She cannot create an *Imperium Romanum* while confined to the bare Italian peninsula. No colonizing region worthy of Italian prestige now lies open. Italian destiny, if there is to be a destiny, therefore lies in the east, leading inevitably to compromises with the Germans, the Hungarians, and the French. Also, Italy must reach a better understanding with the Church.

This is not a militaristic policy, and it is doubtful that Mussolini would risk one. Yet, even so, he runs a risk. First, if he seeks French aid he must offer compensation, which in the immediate future is impossible except at the expense of Germany. Combined Franco-Italian pressure on the east would mean the further extinction of Teutonic influence, the further humiliation and degradation of Central Europe, and the erection of a gigantic double threat against British influence in the Near East and in the Mediterranean. For Britain could not stand calmly by and witness the crumbling of her trade, prestige, and empire. That immutable balance of power with which British interests are irrevocably interwoven would compel Britain to support the Central European powers against France and Italy.

III

Paradoxical as it may seem, attempts to maintain any *status quo* and to regulate affairs by means of international alliances or international commissions have usually been unsuccessful. The present 'system,' for instance, is hardly more than a temporary measure aimed at the imposition of Allied superiority over the continent of Europe. Its instrumental cogs include the present League of Nations, the World Court, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the 'land-Locarno' of 1925, and lastly the 'air-Locarno' of 1935—which is just being launched. And, concerning this air agreement, it is significant that neither Italy nor Germany appears to be enthusiastic while the official British attitude seems to favor an equal status for Germany in return for guarantees against 'unprovoked' aërial aggression. This attitude can hardly be interpreted as an overwhelming victory for French diplomacy. Rather does it re-

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flect the state of mind recently expressed by Lord Allen of Hurtwood and by General Jan Smuts in his momentous address on British foreign policy quoted in the January issue of THE LIVING AGE.

Quite probably, British diplomacy does not care to be dragged again into the vortex of French continental complications. Keenly aware of past Balkan experiences, the British are now doubly conscious of the menaces that the Danubian settlements of the peace treaties only half conceal and of the struggles that have been secretly raging about the Little Entente. They understand the nature of French and German objectives in the Danubian region, but they cannot yet count definitely upon the attitudes of Italy and Poland. It would seem, therefore, that for the moment Britain is content to speak hopeful words both to the Germans and the French, pending a very possible turnover in the balance of power.

IV

For the fourth time since the fall of the Roman Empire the world is witnessing the beginning of an implacable struggle to make a unity of the Danubian area. Up to now the more interested Powers have been shifting and sparring for securer ground. They gamble on Austria's future, for Austria is the link with the west as well as the cultural centre of the region. Ten years ago Hermann Stegemann of the University of Bern pointed out that the problem falls into two parts: France wants the Danubian states to form a chain of which each link is at the service of French imperialism. At the same time, the area itself is to become a quasi-federation of river states that will achieve some degree of social and economic unity while maintaining political autonomy:—

'The conception shows clearly the egoism of French policy. The river states are to be made clients of France, and the possibility of acting according to their own law of gravity is to be taken from them. If this idea were realized, the area between the Inn and the mouth of the Danube would be reduced to a French military zone. Austria would pass from the German area and sink to be a French client of the third rank. The plan is a furtive attempt to resume the policy of Rome, which used all the Rhine and Danube lands to form a military zone against Germany . . . To keep Germany impotent is the supreme law for France. France obeys that law only if a Danubian confederation takes its stand against Germany politically and economically. This is the root of the problem.'

Of course, if Italy were to work with France in future machinations, she would be relegated to the back seat, and even now she is definitely restricted. On the other hand, if she joins the Central European coalition she tips the scales in the opposite direction and subjects herself to pressure from the Mediterranean, emanating in all likelihood from both England and France.

Germany, Austria, and Hungary are to-day impotent from the military point of view. And revision is as important to them as it is to Italy; more so, in fact. Yet, for the time being, France is in the saddle and apparently has the reins of power well in hand. At present, therefore, it would seem that immediate military activities on a large scale are out of the question.

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But the *status quo* does not exclude the possibility of revolution and acts of violence. Indeed, these are already well on their way, witness the recent assassination of the King of Yugoslavia, the Chancellor of Austria, and Premier Duca of Rumania. (Will Beneš and Titulescu be the next targets?)

V

In these recent incendiary activities, any one of which might have fomented a serious revolution against one of the Little Entente Governments, we see at work the forces unleashed by those nations that have the most at stake. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Austrians, and Hungarians all want to create a Danubian federation of some kind, entailing greater or lesser degrees of revisionism, but each Power has its own purposes.

To emphasize more sharply the possibility of revolution and violence within the Danubian region, let us consider the recent assassination of King Alexander. Inasmuch as Yugoslavia under the late Alexander sought closer agreements with Germany and Bulgaria, the loss of her dictatorial sovereign could hardly be called a blow to France. Yet France was apparently guiltless. The present Serbian administrators of Yugoslavia therefore charge that the murder was 'made in Hungary,' and the Danubian area watches internal developments more warily than it does possible intervention on the part of Great Powers. Thus, the despots of the Little Entente snap their fingers at history and bear down yet more severely upon their alien and subject nationalities. Here, if anywhere, lie the seeds of the next European war.

It is a commonplace to acknowledge that Americans and Englishmen are wont to underestimate the importance of the Danubian region in history. A word about the old Holy Roman Empire, its successor, Austria-Hungary, and the Hapsburg rulers may therefore not be amiss. These sovereigns, one by one, have gone down in the 'enlightened' history books of a more western civilization as crass opportunists, base imperialists, idle dreamers. Much has been written concerning the Holy Roman Empire in France, England, and America: much hard criticism and some faint praise. Most surprising of all, these remarks seem, with astonishing continuity, to have emanated from almost identical sources. At a time when Austria was giving the South Netherlands and Northern Italy the most progressive political and economic administrations those provinces had ever enjoyed, at a time when Joseph II was pursuing the most enlightened policies of administration that had ever been pursued by a European ruler, a man of genius, Voltaire, hurled the verbal boomerang: 'The Holy Roman Empire: it is neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire.'

This ill-timed phrase has been mimicked by nearly every scientific expositor of plagiarized history for the past century and a half. Indeed, so little of the true history of the Holy Roman Empire was known among the intelligentsia of the enlightened West that it remained for James Bryce, while still an Oxford student, to write what has since become the standard work in English on the subject.

For centuries Austria and Hungary had represented the ramparts of Christendom against the Crescent,

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fighting not only their own battles and the battles of all the oppressed Christians of the Balkans but also the battles that the 'more advanced' nations of the West were not called upon to fight since they already had such able champions. When three-quarters of the nobility of Hungary perished in a sea of blood before the innumerable hosts of Suleiman the Magnificent, the news that finally reached the capitals of the West created no great stir. London, Paris, and Madrid did not seem to understand that this Hungarian 'reverse' had acted as a check sufficient to save the lands of western Europe from devastation. Undisturbed, they continued their diplomatic efforts to cut each other's throats.

Western writers have not regarded the heroic defense of Güns, in Styria, by Nicholas Jurischitz and a little force of 12,000 Hungarians, Croatians, and Slovenes against a quarter of a million Turks as being comparable to the defense of Thermopylæ or to the charge of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava; it did not go down in time's annals as one of the 'ten great battles.' Historians of the gray future awaited a Marlborough or a Napoleon.

For five centuries, the ill-fated inhabitants of Austro-Hungarian lands were forced by the necessities of history to keep their backs to the rich, liberal, bourgeois culture of the West. Yet scarcely had the Turks and the Tatars fallen into a state of quiescence than an unfortunate marital liaison and the precipitation of the world-shaking French Revolution forced Austria to become the champion, once more, against a 'second universal menace that threatens to destroy Europe.' Before Napoleon was finally conquered, the Holy Roman Empire had ceased to be so much as a name. The seeds of liberalism had been sown among the unkempt fighters of the Danubian monarchy, and despite the reactionary policies of Metternich, who aimed at withholding the franchise everywhere until illiterates had become literate, the fate of stabilized government in Middle Europe was sealed. The rise of Prussia and the exclusion of Austria from the German fold only hastened the process.

Yet it was false logic to claim in 1919 that Austria-Hungary's historic rôle was ended: that the minorities could now stand alone. Post-war political and economic developments prove that the Danubian region still requires, as it has always required, a central focus.

VI

The eastern part of this region is mountainous: the land of the Karst and the Dinaric Alps, which extend into the Balkan peninsula, running through Bosnia and Herzegovina. There is no good outlet through them to the eastern shores of the Adriatic: most of their swift-running rivers plunge into subterranean lakes and caverns. The central part of the region composes the plain of Hungary, and for centuries it was called the granary of Europe, but not since the War. The northern part of the Danubian region is lost amid the eastern and Bavarian Alps, which cover most of present-day Austria.

Thus, the entire region is virtually isolated from the rest of Europe by high mountains, many of them more than 8,000 feet above sea level. The only easy natural access to the region lies along the narrow valley of the

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Danube. That is why for centuries the Danube served as a connecting link not only between southcentral and southeastern Europe and the outside world but also between Europe and the Orient.

The peculiar geographic condition that we have outlined binds together most of the peoples who live in these so-called 'heart-lands.' It made possible the existence of Austria-Hungary, just as it has so often made possible a united front of Austrians, Slovenes, Croatians, Slovaks, and Hungarians against a foreign menace —Turkish, Tatar, or Italian.

VII

In 1526 the Turkish Sultan defeated Hungary and succeeded, after equally hard fighting, in overcoming two centuries of Croatian and Slovenian resistance. But the people did not surrender although their land was invaded. For the next three centuries Croats and Slovenes were among the most faithful supporters of the Hapsburgs against the Crescent. Hungary, Bohemia, and Slovenia had all come under the jurisdiction of Austria by 1526, and in 1527 the Croats swore allegiance to Ferdinand. Thereafter, they kept up an unremittent and sanguinary warfare in their mountain fastnesses; and, as time went on, they succeeded in driving the Turks from Dalmatia and Upper Croatia. The Austrian Prince Eugene expelled the last Turkish army from southern Croatia in 1697. Thenceforth, Croatia and Hungary formed a united kingdom under the Hapsburg rulers of Vienna but were never formally added to the Germanic parts of the Danubian monarchy.

To-day the Slovenes and Croatians are dominated by the Serbs of Yugoslavia; while Slovaks, Germans, and Hungarians in Czechoslovakia are ably repressed by the Czechs. In Transylvania, Siebenburgen, and parts of the Banat many Hungarians and Germans form large minorities under Rumanian domination. In effect, about 19,000,000 Czechs, Rumanians, and Serbs now rule the so-called Little Entente nations (who number some 47,000,000 people) with considerably more oppression than even Count Stephen Tisza favored in prewar Hungary. For after the War for 'self-determination' every victorious state organized itself on the principle of 'supremacy of the governing nation.' As a result of this 'enlightened procedure' the Danubian region has been reduced to something less than one-ninth of its former activity in many phases of commerce and manufacture as well as in intellectual productivity.

Yugoslavia represents the sorest spot in the present Balkanized Danubian region. Yet the Serbs, who to-day dominate that country, had failed, after centuries of fighting, to dominate the Bulgars, Greeks, or Albanians. True, under Stephen Dushan in the fourteenth century, Serbia became an important state for about ten years, ruling over parts of Croatia and Bulgaria. It was this short-lived imperial visitation that gave Clémenceau and Lord Northcliffe their hallucinations about a 'south Slavic' nation ruled by a 'Greater Serbia.' But, when Tsar Lazar was killed at Kossovo in 1389, Serbia passed into the hands of Turkey and was scarcely heard of again until the nineteenth century.

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For many years, however, southern Croatia was regarded as part of the Balkan peninsula, and this purely arbitrary geographical distinction led western nations to associate the Croatians and Serbians quite falsely. The Croats, who are often blond, are probably related racially to the Poles and, like the Slovenes, represent a west Slavic type, whereas the Serbs are distinctly of south Slavic origin. There are also linguistic and religious differences. The Croats, like most of the Slovenes, are Roman Catholic, and both use Latin letters instead of Cyrillic. The south Slavs have, however, copied Croatian culture somewhat ineffectually.

Although about 60 per cent of the Croats and Slovenes who survived starvation at the close of the World War favored incorporation in a new state, disaffection has since become strong. Yet even in 1919 most of them wanted a republic or, at most, a constitutionally limited kingdom in which they might have proportional representation. To date, in the Yugoslavia that the War created they have found only military dictatorship and virtually no representation.

Here, then, is the most fertile field for insidious propaganda, for violent conspiracies, and revolutionary plots. There can be little doubt that agents of National Socialism, of the Fascist *Imperium*, and of the Hapsburg restoration would look with favor upon the dissolution of Yugoslavia as a preliminary to the disintegration of the Little Entente. That is why its present Government faces severe problems. Meanwhile, it is well for us to know in whose interests we are asked to sing the songs of international peace and coöperation.

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Two of these three articles come from the official *Völkischer Beobachter*—one of them is by Alfred Rosenberg himself. The third quotes first-hand sources.

NAZIS Speaking to You

Germany through German Eyes

I. Germany and the World

A Leading Editorial

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Official National-Socialist Daily

A REVIEW of world political happenings in 1934 includes a terrifying number of human errors and failings. Revolutions, assassinations of leading statesmen, preparations for new military alliances, conferences, which expressed only the sharp antagonism of different points of view—that is the picture of a world that is being urged by the prophets of democracy of the League of Nations to enter upon a period of quiet and eternal peace by trusting the Geneva leadership.

The German Reich has nothing to do with the crises and explosions of the past year. While the representatives of Jewish world democracy in other countries were trying to represent the new Germany as a dangerous international troublemaker and conspirator, even the most insane opponents of Germany could not fail to perceive that in our country a new historical development of peaceful, sure progress had begun and that it was not to be destroyed by occasional outbursts of international panic. At the end of 1934 German front-line fighters met the Frenchmen they had fought against during the World War, and they discussed the future of Europe together. Here was a political event that a good many circles observed with astonishment and extreme distrust. Was n't the entire resurrected power of the German people supposed to be logically determined on a war of revenge, and were not all the demands

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that Germany had expressed for a peaceful settlement really put forward in order to conceal preparations for conflict?

The question of a Franco-German rapprochement is merely one of the important tasks that confront the politicians of the whole world in this period. The time will come when future generations will describe the Versailles Peace Conference and its spokesmen as the most narrow-minded and stupid performance of the whole century. The time will come when this iron-clad dictate of so-called statesmen will be numbered among the curiosities of world politics and when the generation of Clémenceau will be recognized for what it really was—so many blind brutes, who thought they could 'realize' their pitiless dictates after the most terrible national conflict in history had destroyed the lives of millions. Only fools imagined that the battles of that War could be concluded by a peace treaty modeled on old-fashioned cabinet intrigues. In Versailles petty advocates wrote poisonous paragraphs and thought that their hatred of the life of the world could lay down new laws. From the battlefields of the front, however, arose a desire to live and a will to self-assertion, which will destroy all the paragraphs and 'eternal' dictates that were ever written.

This year we again hear a few diplomats asserting that revision of the Versailles Treaty means war. These all-too-clever gentlemen do not, however, know one simple thing—that life itself means a daily and hourly revision of everything that exists. Life to-day is shattering forms that yesterday seemed eternal. In a single stride life overleaps the impotent prescriptions that spirits hostile to life have tried to establish. Life alone determines what will happen in the future and what form things will take. Paragraphs denying life, which renews itself eternally, are meaningless scribblings.

The worth and will of the race determine the position and greatness of the State. Wars are merely one means of deciding this eternal struggle for existence between the races. The works of culture, the achievements of science, the strength of the social structure of the State are also life problems that bear witness to the inner power of the race and determine how long any people shall live. How much will and power a nation expends in every manifestation of life, daily and hourly, also determines the life period that this nation will enjoy. It is false to assume that a nation's will to life can assert itself only in a victorious war. Close community of labor, such as exists in a socially just state, or the struggles of any people for their economic existence are life victories of the race that may weigh as heavily in the scales as sacrifices of blood. That is why victorious states often go into a complete decline after a short period, and, on the other hand, why people who were vanquished on the battlefield can rise again because of their unbroken racial power.

If the paragraph-writing politicians of Versailles believed that they could forever block the greatness and importance of the German people as their hatred urged them to do, we know that they made as big a mistake as if they had measured a sick man for the clothes he was to wear when he was healthy. The significance of a people and its rôle in world history are

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not determined by arbitrary dictates but solely by the power of life this people manifests after submitting to dictation, by the economic, cultural, and moral will that animates this people before and afterward. By asserting this will nations form themselves anew every day, and life begins to revise the dictate as soon as it has been signed.

Although certain philosophers want to teach the German people, on the basis of what happened to a few Mediterranean nations, that every people grows old and, after a limited period of power, can never renew its youth, we know that in the Far East there are nations and cultures that had a great history a thousand years ago and that stand to-day on the threshold of a new revival simply because their entire social and religious existence has observed the eternal laws of race and racial duty. And we know that to-day the German people faces the great decisive moment in its history—whether it will win through its will for life, or whether it wishes to grow old and degenerate as other cultures have done before.

The period we are entering does not ask a nation how large a bank reserve it has or how many tanks and bombing planes. It inquires only as to the nation's will to life. That is the final test that all European nations without exception must face whether they emerged from Versailles as victors or vanquished. For the way the nations meet this test will determine the future character of Europe. To Germany, the dictate of Versailles could have become as legal as its authors wished, and could have uttered the last word as far as German life is concerned, only if the German people had not shown its eternal character and its strength once again when Versailles collapsed.

In this sense, on the threshold of the new year, we again salute the flag of the leader Adolf Hitler as the symbol of salvation for a new German future.

II. For Culture and the Spirit

By Alfred Rosenberg

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Official National-Socialist Daily

EVERY great popular culture arises from a single inner development. A deeply rooted inner attitude is radiated or reflected from every quarter. Every really great culture is identified with some philosophic impulse that gives man the power to mould the world, which means to create culture. Thus, works of art are the projection in eternal form of the spiritual stature of a genius, and they bear witness to what was once a great presence. They recapture a time that is past and likewise throw light ahead on a possible spiritual future.

Every great political transformation, if it is really great, is never a matter of exterior events but always arises from a philosophic conception. All political formations of any duration express a new life-feeling and come to an end only when this life-feeling no longer serves the general good of the people or of the group. A

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new attitude toward the world, a new feeling for life must replace them. Thus, every great period and every great national conception take their departure from the same source that gives rise to cultural creations. National Socialism therefore regards the unity of culture and the state as being based on and directed by a definite attitude toward life.

Viewed from this lofty eminence one year cannot possess decisive importance. To be sure, a year can bring with it great decisions, but it takes many years of effort for the results of thousands of years of experience to take effect. At present, all that we can say is that the scientific field is beginning to yield results. Discovery, in the National-Socialist sense, goes forward. New problems are emerging and being grappled with, and a younger generation takes cognizance of the great task that confronts it. The whole enormous field of racial science and the doctrines of heredity, the whole field of spiritual science and of history—these matters await the attention of many scholars, who can arise only from the younger generation. Nevertheless, a great many scientific conferences have been held in the past year, perhaps not all of them significant but leading to definite decisions. After a period of apparent leveling certain scientific groups have reverted to their liberalistic past, so much so that they are again beginning to show their real faces and are trying to undermine National-Socialist ideology by what appear to be scientific means, since it can no longer be altered by political means.

We may therefore expect to encounter serious difficulties in this sphere, which is all to the good. Our intellectual opponents must declare themselves, but the world of National-Socialist theory must test itself out against them and replace them with its own representatives, who are competent in every field. In this respect the past year has brought us no solutions, but it has made us more conscious of our task than ever and has given us a renewed sense of our obligations.

The general field of cultural politics and art must, of course, be treated in just the same way. Here, too, a marked condition of uncertainty has prevailed and still prevails to-day. Groups of artists of every kind who are trying to express the spirit of our time have emerged in every sphere. Others, however, have given the same clear proof of their inner rejection of our doctrines that we have also seen in the field of science, and thus the lines are more clearly drawn. But, in the background, new groups, who may take one side or the other, have already brought forth a great number of their creations, perhaps primarily in the theatre, since their efforts are less evident in the other arts.

The time has not come to mention names but merely to become conscious of the intellectual situation. We must understand that during 1935 and even longer we shall probably still be living in a period of transition. Anything else would be quite unnatural, for the National-Socialist Revolution has raised so many fundamental problems in Germany and throughout the intellectual world of Europe that it can achieve its ends only by a gradual progressive inner development.

The smooth monumental style of the National-Socialist way of life will require its own organically determined

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time to produce real artistic and philosophic documents such as the exigencies of the period require. But the great task of the movement, here as elsewhere, is to aid, to instruct, and never to lose sight of the new tasks ahead. For our movement stands or falls with the security of the National-Socialist philosophy.

The National-Socialist Revolution has asserted its meaning through philosophy and sacrifice. It cannot renounce its philosophy and let itself be satisfied with mere state policy, although state policy provides domestic assurance for the further development of basic National-Socialist ideas. To establish unity between philosophy, the people, and the state is the unalterable purpose of the National-Socialist movement yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

III. Culture in Germany

By a Correspondent

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

A CULTURAL struggle is now going on in Germany much more significant than even the decade-long conflict between Bismarck and the Catholic Centre Party in the seventies and eighties of the last century. This struggle is by no means confined to, though it is more apparent in, the sphere of religion. It reaches out into all fields of life, embracing all generations, economic occupations, and social position. Upon its outcome hangs much more than the internal peace of the German people.

'We National Socialists are not only political but also cultural revolutionaries.' 'The political revolution is won, but the spiritual struggle goes on.' These were among the battlecries posted around a hall in Berlin, just before Christmas, where Herr Rosenberg was the chief speaker. Herr Rosenberg is working very hard to change the Germans' philosophy of life. Every trace of æsthetic or moral aspirations, which depend upon individual experience or the individual conscience, is to be obliterated. Only the voice of the (Nazi) people is the voice of God. The importance of this principle in the realm of law is constantly emphasized. The task of the Rosenbergians is facilitated by the fact that the German word *Recht* covers the meaning of both law and right. *Recht*, Herr Rosenberg announces, is what Aryan men hold to be *Recht;* it is the 'valid expression of the self-preservation of the German nation.' No one is to criticize these principles. Anyone who fails to accept them forfeits the protection of the German State.

Herr Rosenberg retains the Führer's support as supervisor of Intellectual Training for the National-Socialist Party and as head of the National-Socialist Culture Community, which led the recent attack on Furtwängler —that traitor to Wagnerism and friend of the Jews! Herr Himmler and the Schutz Staffel are for Rosenberg, and the latter works in close coöperation with the Hitler Youth Leader, Baldur von Schirach. All sorts of primitive chauvinists are attracted by

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his glorification of the German race. All kinds of freethinkers, from cut-and-dried atheists to old Youth-Movementers (the keenest converts to the Nordic faith), take his side against the Christian churches and particularly against what they regard as the narrowness of Christianity in the matter of sex.

The defenders of civilization, or at any rate of individual conscience and criticism against the tyranny of a mysterious 'race soul,' present a heterogeneous appearance. The Christian churches are coöperating as perhaps never since the Reformation divided them. So are all the remnants of the intellectual life of Weimar days, all the professors who are not mere Nazi parvenus, all that class of so-called gentlemen, who believe in respectability and common sense and who may even have had Jewish great-grandmothers but who provide the officers in the professional army and navy and a good many civil servants. Somewhere among these groups one could probably still place the Government of Austria.

If you go to hear Pastor Niemöller preach at Dahlem, you will find his church crowded as it never was before the advent of the Nazis, and usually the only uniforms you will notice among the congregation are those of the Reichswehr. You will notice that it is not just the old ladies who go to church in Germany to-day; on the contrary, the churches are filled with men, many of them conspicuously young. From almost every university in the country one hears that the Party is losing the students wholesale; a liberal quotation from a lecturer will be boisterously applauded, while the students ostentatiously play cards during a Nazi professor's lecture. The Government has been compelled to give up the attempt to enforce residence in community houses; it has abandoned compulsory politics in university faculties; it has relaxed the rules about compulsory Storm Troop service; and the students' labor service is now usually reduced to ten weeks. The obvious friction between members of the Government over cultural matters is a further weakness. It is said that many Ministers are annoyed that Dr. Goebbels has been so consistently National Socialist as to sweep all the arts into the domain of his Ministry of Propaganda. This is particularly irritating for Herr Rust, the Education Minister, and Herr Frick, the Minister of the Interior.

II

If the National-Socialist principle has lost the first round of the new *Kulturkampf*, it remains true that time, power, money, and the complete absence of those scruples that hamper an individualist are on the side of the Nazis. The régime as a whole is learning when to wait or compromise and when to wear a velvet glove. General Göring is the most striking example of this. The Prussian State Opera House and the State Theatre, which he refused to hand over to Dr. Goebbels's control, are thriving beneath his care in striking contrast to the unsuccessful efforts of the Ministry of Propaganda to resuscitate the German film without the Jews. The Furtwängler affair is unfortunate, but Göring has improved the occasion by bribing Clemens Krauss and four leading singers from Vienna to go to Berlin with ten-year contracts.

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After the Saar plebiscite the dissenting Protestant Church will probably be 'coördinated' once and for all. Karl Barth's dismissal from the Chair of Theology at Bonn already reveals a change in the attitude of Herr Rust to the Evangelical Church, while a clever attempt has been made to demoralize the Lutherans by an inspired article not in a German paper but in the *Basler Nachrichten*. This suggested quite inaccurately that the Catholics had made peace with the régime behind the backs of the Protestants. It is reported that two sinister reforms are already drafted. The first separates the Evangelical Church from the State and would not only leave the Lutherans without money but would reduce them to the status of private organizations, which could then be suppressed as politically untrustworthy; some sort of plebiscite so manipulated as to exploit anti-clerical and anti-papal feeling is also contemplated. The second change would fully express the new morality of Rosenberg by a revised definition of blasphemy in the new penal code. Hitherto it has been blasphemous to be guilty of an utterance hurtful to the feelings of members of a religious community. The new draft defines blasphemy as an utterance that 'grossly injures the sentiments of the people.'

In the long run the fight for civilization in Germany will be decided—like everything else—by the Reichswehr. A 'lieutenant and ten men' (literally) held the key position at the Rosenberg meeting in Berlin at Christmas. The generals have accepted the oath to Hitler and the swastika badge, but it is amusing to watch the quiet military salute with which all their men still respond to the Hitler salutes of the many para-military formations. The Schutz Staffel men and Storm Troopers are almost ineligible as recruits for the Reichswehr. The latter looks for recruits in the ranks of those non-political youths who are still members of the Christian churches.

III

Here one comes to the crux of the matter. The Hitler Youth is run by the Rosenbergians on Führer-worship and the glory of death on the battlefield. In the schools, unlike the universities, the new standards flourish, for it is harder for poor schoolmasters in small towns or villages to resist them. In a few years the present generation of students will have gone, and new students will have had at least four years in the Hitler Youth. Some Germans says that a liberal education produced Nazis; Nazi education will produce liberals. In fact, the exact opposite is to be feared if Rosenberg and Schirach carry on unhindered. The last defense will then be general conscription, whose introduction is even now expected—perhaps before the end of 1935. A critical year in a young man's life will then be spent under the influence of the officers of the Reichswehr. The post-war army and navy of Germany were officered by intelligent men who were sufficiently open-minded to wish to serve the Weimar Republic. To-day, they are, above all, professional men and in the long run will do what their profession dictates. They may either decide to harness the fanatical racialists to the chariots of war or to crush them. Neither way is likely to prove an easy path for the German people and their sons.

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Persons and Personages

Abyssinia's Emperor

By Simone Mazade Roussan

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

THE King of Kings of Abyssinia is not only the sovereign of this vast empire, he is its image and symbol. He continues the dynasty of Solomon and is heir to the Sage of Sages.

Monarch by divine right, he is not head of the national church—the Coptic Church—corresponding to the Tsar of Russia, for instance. Although he owes his sovereignty to God, he is not God's terrestrial representative. But his position confers on him in the eyes of his subjects somewhat supernatural prestige, certain aspects of which baffle the western mind.

Feared and loved as no sovereign in Europe is feared or loved, the Emperor of Abyssinia does not owe his prestige to a mysterious tower of ivory or ebony. Distant but familiar, mysterious but simple, Hailé Sellassié participates in the life of his people. Anyone can approach him and ask his mercy, justice, and aid. The monarch even attends festivals, at which anyone at all can bring forward supplications or invectives to his heart's desire without running the risk of the slightest reprisal. Such liberty might well surprise most citizens in our republics.

Strong in the confidence of his people, the Emperor nevertheless had in his entourage certain redoubtable enemies, over whom his terrible patience slowly triumphed. Hardened by trials, in which great rewards were at stake, they hoped to win all or nothing. But Hailé Sellassié was aided for three or four years by events that might have cost him dear but that finally favored him, and he has eliminated many individuals whose power asserted itself from time to time and even threatened the throne itself. Occupying the post of Ras, or Minister, and possessing inheritance, wealth, titles, or supporters who flattered their ambitions, they constituted a dangerous element for the court and even for the country.

It must be pointed out that every chief in Abyssinia has an irregular kind of army of more or less importance, depending on his rank and representing a force that must always be reckoned with. The monarch cannot send a courtier home for no reason or exile him in chains. He is required almost to find the victim flagrantly guilty of treason or to make his guilt completely evident. For, being faithful to their master, the armed supporters of an exile are not inclined to submit to obvious

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injustice. The sovereign has often required months and even years to oust certain dignitaries, who enjoyed his apparent intimacy and whom he could not condemn on the basis of his suspicions or on moral grounds alone. On the other hand, in defending his person against certain individuals, the Emperor is often compelled by custom to take momentary measures of discipline for peccadillos that he regards as insignificant.

Succeeding Emperor Menelik II, alas, not directly, which has often complicated things dangerously, Ras Tafari, the regent under Empress Zeoditu, became King of Kings of Abyssinia when she died in 1930. He was crowned at the Cathedral of Addis Ababa under the name of Hailé Sellassié I, meaning 'Power of the Trinity,' before representatives of the greatest nations. Marshal Franchet d'Esperey came in behalf of France, bearing good wishes and gifts from our country. The Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Udine represented their respective fathers, the Kings of England and Italy.

Of small, slender, almost frail stature, Hailé Sellassié I is an enormous worker. Eating and drinking little, suffering from delicate health, he has a surprising capacity for work and an indomitable energy. His official day begins before seven in the morning and often lasts late into the night. During his first audiences he receives reports, which he discusses with his advisers. His clear, logical, yet perfectly secret mind astounds, perplexes, and confuses his enemies, especially when they think they have put him in a hole. His large, gentle, keen eyes follow the smallest details of expression on the faces of his interlocutors. His very small fine hands resemble his face in that they are extremely gentle and nervous. Already Sellassié I gives the impression that in knowing how to dominate others he knows first of all how to dominate himself.

Sacrificing none of his occupations, stepping into the shoes of any minister who is absent or sick, the Emperor sacrifices several hours of sleep to daily prayers. His most intense interest goes out to his country and to his second son, young Prince Makonnen, a child of twelve full of courage and authority. One feels that the sometimes weary gaze of the father is resting joyfully on his son's face and deriving immense comfort from it.

Surrounded by this austerity, the petulant intelligence of the young prince, who is almost always at the sovereign's side, expresses itself in unexpected bursts of animation. Whether to distract the King of Kings or to amuse his son, a little dog, the gayest little dog imaginable, always bears them company. Some pretend that the sovereign regards it as a sign of Providence when his son greets visitors cordially. I think the Monarch's paternal love is slightly overemphasized, for it is no greater than that of any happy head of a family, who is also hatching future dynastic schemes.

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Both a traditionalist and a modernist, for the imperial figure is always one of contrasts, Hailé Sellassié I not only makes a point of having his subjects preserve the customs that their ancestors cherished but encourages them to revive forgotten or abandoned customs. Meanwhile, he is also bringing to bear all that western civilization has to offer his country, sending a picked group of Abyssinian youths to perfect themselves abroad and praising European culture and technology at home.

Although many young Abyssinians study in Great Britain and the United States every year, they nevertheless prefer French or Swiss universities, where they are no doubt more favorably received. It is in Switzerland that two granddaughters of Abyssinian sovereigns have pursued their studies, and young Prince Makonnen will probably complete his own there, too.

Visiting the Living Buddha

By a Shanghai Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE Tashi or Panchen Lama, who ranks second only to the Dalai Lama as the spiritual leader of the Buddhists, is in Shanghai. The living Buddha in a metropolis? I heard the news in the Shanghai Club, standing at the longest bar in the world. Whether or not it is really the longest, it certainly offers the most varied mixture of languages and cocktails to be found anywhere, and a list of all the nations in the world is a list of the origins of the various drinkers—British, French, German, and Japanese with tiny mustaches.

Here the top layer of the white population congregates. The real international mixture does not begin until you reach the 'Bund,' the street that runs along the river, where, under the bronze statue of the Englishman who founded the local customs office, Indian Sikhs with soft Brahman eyes direct the traffic of rickshas and automobiles. Buddhist students, Russian soldiers serving in the European militia, Hindu ladies with violet veils, members of the Tonkin militia in cone-shaped, copper helmets, Japanese sailors, English officers, ladies from America, Europe, Asia, and Oceania—all races and nations mingle here at the mouth of the Yangtze; the strong and the weak, owners of banks and shipping lines, little brown-skinned money-changers in shimmering silk, who serve both the prostitutes and the minor police officials. All about them surge masses of Chinese, pouring from the skyscrapers and city blocks in the foreign concession, setting up their stoves and shops everywhere and winning back a little of their own soil under foreign

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flags. Such is the picture that Shanghai, the Nanking Road, and the 'Bund' present. Wild tumult, fever in the air, livid, moist faces. How did the Panchen Lama find himself in this witch's cauldron? What destiny brought the supreme figurehead of a peaceful Asiatic religion into the confusion of an international trading city?

'Come to-morrow to the reception that the mayor is holding in honor of the Panchen Lama,' a French official told me. 'I'll have an invitation sent to you.'

I thereupon hurried around to see my friend President T., the learned translator of the *Padma*, one of the bibles of Lamaism, to question him about the Living Buddha. The man whom I was visiting had traveled extensively in Mongolia, and his translation, which took him twenty years, has made him one of the most learned and convinced Buddhists. He described the Tashi or Panchen Lama as follows, 'The Panchen is to the Buddhist more than the Pope is to the Catholics, for the Pope is merely infallible whereas the Panchen is divine.' He is the incarnation of Amitabha, the heavenly illuminated Buddha. Even the Dalai Lama is not his equal, for he incarnates Avalokitesvara, the spiritual son of Amitabha.

This distinction in rank is disputed, but the death of the Dalai Lama gave the Tashi his opportunity to risk returning to Tibet, which he had quit long ago because of the hostility of his rival. For the past ten years, after leaving his monastery in Tashi Lunpo because of a dispute with the Dalai Lama, the Panchen Lama has lived in Peiping, Mukden, and Mongolia. His loyalty to the Nanking Government has won him the honor of being made a member of the National Council of the Kuomintang. The Chinese Government therefore regards his imminent return to Tibet as an opportunity to assert its authority over that vassal country and perhaps to weaken English influence there.

THE celebration for the Tashi Lama was not held in the international concession or in the old Chinese city that surrounds the foreign quarter but in the 'official centre,' in the city of the future, in modern Shanghai, which is not a western city but a settlement that China is building to compete with the international concession since the latter cannot be eliminated. As usual, China has planned on a grand scale, so grand indeed that it takes nearly three quarters of an hour to reach the governmental centre of greater Shanghai. On the way to the cocktail party that General Wu Teh-chen, the mayor, is giving in honor of the Living Buddha and also in behalf of greater Shanghai, we see skyscrapers rising at incredible speed beside the shell holes left by the Chinese-Japanese battle of 1932. We see rice fields with workers' dwellings beside them, hospitals, and clubhouses.

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Next year a huge stadium is to be built, in which new Asiatic plays will be performed. Finally, the Chinese roof of the new city hall appears. The archaic exterior of this building with its red columns and balconies and pillars, on which dragons and clouds are painted, provides a striking contrast to the ultra-modern architecture of the interior. White-gloved police officials direct the guests inside and out. All Shanghai is here, the international Shanghai of the diplomats, banks, trading and shipping companies. The mayor and his sons receive the distinguished foreigners and lead them through the crowd to the dance floor and tea tables. Blues and fox-trots are being played. How can one describe the charming grace of the Chinese girls' dancing, their skillful make-up, and the charming colors of their long, close-fitting clothes? The girl I am dancing with suddenly gives a start and murmurs, 'The Living Buddha.'

The jazz stops, and the Panchen Lama enters, looking like a cardinal in a Roman palace. He wears a long silk tunic that shimmers like copper. He has a strong, simple face burned by the sun of Tibet and a sarcastic, penetrating gaze, reminiscent of the wild lamas of Mongolia. Two monks follow him. The guests form in line and prepare to shake the Tashi reverently by the hand. Soon the blues ring out again, and cocktails once more make their appearance. I catch the keen eye of my learned friend. The supreme ruler of central Asia at a cocktail party! He can hardly take it in.

Two days later General Wu Teh-chen, the mayor of Shanghai, did me the honor of inviting me to the big villa in which the Chinese Government has established the Panchen Lama under military guard. Officers, generals, pilgrims, and beggars are waiting in the anteroom to beg for prophecies, talismans, or an audience. The incarnation of Amitabha receives me at a blue table with a green cover. Behind the Tashi Lama stands an altar, not in honor of any spirits of the upper or nether regions, but to Sun Yat-sen, whose good face smiles out of a blue and white sun. Does the Kuomintang Government really mean to set its authority on the same level with the Tibetan theocracy? My questions at once raise this point. They are translated by three interpreters into Chinese and then into Tibetan, but unfortunately the answers of the Tashi during our half-hour dialogue are considerably abbreviated by the interpreters.

One of the titles of the Panchen Lama is 'the fullness of the benediction,' and he says to me, 'I shall go to Lhasa where the disunited people of Tibet eagerly await me. During the ten years I have spent in North China I have advocated loyalty to the Nanking Government in all the monasteries.' (His Holiness, however, says nothing about the prospects of restoring one of the Mongol princes.) 'In Mongolia,' he continues, 'thousands of refugees from Urga, which is ruled by the Russians, have come to me to complain of the religious persecution of the Soviets. I have begged the Mongolian princes to help them and take their part.'

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My question runs, 'How will Your Holiness rule? Will he open Tibet to the outer world?'

The Panchen Lama answers this question in detail, but the interpreter merely says, 'His Holiness can say nothing more on the subject. The wishes of the Nanking Government will guide him in all respects.'

But will the Panchen Lama, who must by now have reached the Himalayas after his journey by sea to India, really conquer Tibet? Will the Chinese commander who is to prepare the way for him reach the Chinese Tibetan frontier? Well-informed people here doubt it.

I was told little incidents about the daily life of the Living Buddha that are very interesting. Prayers, meditations, and official duties fill his time. The Tashi Lama wakes at six in the morning, drinks a few cups of Tibetan tea, which always stand ready on a little plate, reads Buddhist writings, runs through his enormous mail that comes to him from India, Mongolia, Sin-Kiang, and central China, and skims the information provided him by the Nanking Government. After a substantial breakfast his daily religious work begins. Surrounded by four monks and dressed in a yellow robe he plays and sings for two hours accompanied by the incessant ringing of a bell. He loves walking and dogs and is interested in sport. Sometime ago he thought of leaving Shanghai by airplane. At the close of my visit the Living Buddha gives me a piece of sky-blue silk woven in a Himalayan monastery. If I ever visit him in Lhasa, it will accompany me on my journey.

Albert Schweitzer

By Alfons Paquet

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

SOME years ago an English newspaper printed an article about the relations between Whites and Negroes. After referring to the changes that the lives of the Negroes underwent the moment the first ship arrived in Africa with white men, powder, rum, salt, and industrial machinery, the author discussed the possibility of a new social order among the Negro tribes. He raised the question of human rights, which include the following privileges, even in colonial countries—the right to a dwelling place, the right to choose where one lives, the right to enjoy the fruits of the soil without hindrance, the right to choose one's form of employment, the right to legal protection, the right to live in natural associations, and the right to education.

The author of that article was named Albert Schweitzer.

It then appeared Schweitzer was a doctor who had lived in the

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French Congo, where he fought sleeping sickness, leprosy, and the various diseases that Europeans had brought with them to Africa. Aided by a few helpers, he established himself in a little corrugated-iron mission station on the lower reaches of the Ogowé River. This station, known as Lambarene, was the only one in a wide radius. There were not many plantations along the lower reaches of the jungle river, but a great many Negroes were employed floating lumber, and the European way of doing business caused the Negroes both physical suffering and social misery. Nowhere in Africa was there a hospital to be compared with this one, and it was a priceless boon to the whole neighborhood.

This station was not maintained by the Government; it came into existence entirely because of the voluntary decision of an individual who asked himself, 'Should we close our eyes to this misery merely because people in Europe know nothing about it?' European medicine might at least be able to mitigate some of this suffering. In our part of the world, when a person is sick, the doctor stands near at hand. If an operation must be performed, the clinic is available. Out there, however, millions of people are suffering without any aid whatever. Civilization has saddled these people with a burden that must be relieved even though the relief may amount to no more than a drop of water falling on a hot stone.

Since then, Schweitzer's widely read book, *Aus Wasser und Urwald*, has described how the hospital came into existence. He built it almost with his own hands, raising the money in small sums among his European friends. His diaries entitled *Mitteilungen aus Lambarene*, which have just appeared in three volumes published by the C. H. Beck Verlag of Munich, describe how Schweitzer keeps in touch with his friends. But the most important thing is that a great scholar and a great musician has made the hospital his life work. Here is something unprecedented, and the great musician and scholar is none other than the colonial doctor, Schweitzer himself.

He is also a moralist. And the question naturally arises how his ethics, of which his life work represents the fulfillment, originated. He did not obey the impulse of the Christian missionary in any conventional sense. Schweitzer came back to Europe every two or three years and gave organ recitals in Strasbourg and Barcelona, in Germany, France, Sweden, and Holland, which were followed by invitations from universities to lecture on religious history. He received every kind of honor and was offered professorial chairs. After he had made the rounds, Schweitzer then retired for a few months to the Black Forest or to the Vosges Mountains to write a book.

His biography of Bach has been translated into six languages, and his most recent books, *Zerfall und Wiederaufbau der Kultur* and *Kultur*

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und Ethik, are now appearing in translations. His lectures on Christianity and world religions contrast the most important differences between European thought and the uncompromising religiousness of the East. Recently, Schweitzer's new book, *Die Weltanschauung der indischen Denker*, made its appearance. Here we find a clear distinction between two types of mysticism. One arises from the assumption that the world spirit and the human spirit are identical, and the other is rooted in ethics. Schweitzer's own philosophy is an ethical mysticism.

Schweitzer, who is now sixty years old, wrote his great *Geschichte der Leben-Jesu-Forschung* thirty years ago. Then came his *Geschichte der paulinischen Forschung*, which was followed by the *Mystik der Paulus*. Simultaneously with these first theological works, his book on Bach and his work on French and German organ construction and organ art also appeared. At fifty he wrote a little book entitled *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit*, one of the most unpretentious and beautiful autobiographies in the German language. It begins with the words, 'I was born on January 14, 1875, in the little town of Kaysersberg in Upper Alsace, in the little house with the little tower, on the left of the upper road leading out of the town. As a boy I always took great pride in the fact that I was born in the town of Geiler von Kaysersberg and in a year famous for its wine.'

YOUNG Schweitzer studied theology and music in Strasbourg. Already he was occupied with the question of whether he would accept his own happy youth as something entirely natural. A peculiar, inborn willpower soon asserted itself. The student decided to devote himself to preaching, science, and music until he reached the age of thirty and after that to pursue philosophy, but under no circumstances the kind of philosophy acquired in the classroom.

One day he was profoundly moved by the figure of a Negro on a monument in the Colmar market-place. The young philosopher decided to become a doctor and to bring his art of healing to those who were suffering on the outskirts of white civilization. It was no accident that he reached a decision of this kind in Alsace, for it is the destiny of Alsace to be a land in which two cultures are mixed, in which mysticism and rationalism meet, and this explains a great deal of Schweitzer's life story, including his passion for Bach and his cool, yet appreciative attitude toward philosophical theologians. Schweitzer's intellectual work places him far above the advocates of individual creeds, and his medical work overleaps the boundaries of race.

The extraordinary thing about his life is that it blends spirit and reality. The language of this professor-scholar is luminously clear in his books. Schweitzer's labor is a conscious reversion to the work of the

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humanitarian philosophers of the eighteenth century. Its fundamental ideas were simple, and in Schweitzer they rise to their greatest heights through his reverence for life. He agrees with Nietzsche in demanding that life shall yield the highest values. This philosophy gives an heroic assent to the world and regards life as something valuable in itself. Faced by the great riddles of existence, Schweitzer is modest and brave enough not to attempt too profound explorations. He calls himself an 'adventurer giving assent to the world and to life.' As an adventurer in the realm of good, he seeks in his own life to make Kant's religious philosophy take the form of ethical action. It is typical of the man's willpower that he has the courage to set himself and his fellow creatures such a difficult, but not impossible, task. His bold but sound subjectiveness places Schweitzer among the most clear-sighted and beloved characters of our time.

In spite of the range and variety of Schweitzer's career, his achievements have been limited and gradual. He does not seek success for the sake of applause and therefore pays no attention to the voice of our time. Schweitzer has carried out in exemplary fashion Goethe's advice to fulfill the demands of the day. In his case, what is demanded of him is not poetic work, but he is called upon by men who want music and by men who are overwhelmed with problems and suffering.

Five years ago the city of Frankfurt gave Albert Schweitzer the Goethe Prize. He accepted this gift with his famous speech in the Opera House delivered at the beginning of the Goethe year. We recall this passage in particular, 'Not everything in history is compelled to undergo constant change as superficial observation suggests. But it will come to pass that ideals possessed of enduring truth will come in conflict with changing circumstances and will assert themselves and gain ground. Personal humanity is such an ideal. If it is abandoned, the intellectual man goes to pieces, and that means the end of culture and even of humanity.'

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These two stories by leading Soviet writers depict Russia before and after the Revolution. The first deals with school life in the old days, the second with the city life of the present.

RUSSIA Old *and* New

Two Soviet Fictioneers

I. Schooldays in Old Russia

By A. Zorich

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

EARLY in the morning I felt that the day held unusual happenings in store. The entire school wore the tense expression that always preceded a visit from the highest authority. The porters bustled about, the watchmen fussed, the barefooted floorwashers ran up and down the halls, and Inspector Zimin, a nervous, high-strung, and unusually cruel person, who had received the nickname of 'Psych,' walked about inspecting door knobs and other metal fixings. His thin, evil face twitched more than usual, and his cold, empty, sadistic eyes reflected unrest. In the dressing room, a huge dingy cellar, which was always damp and dark, the beadles met us. To-day they wore their medals and were carefully shaved.

To help them in their task, the class supervisor with the gastronomic name of Korjik (sweetmeat) came down to the dressing room. He was a drunkard and a thief, and the school poets wrote quatrains about him, which appeared from day to day on the blackboard. His eyes roved incessantly as he quickly inspected our pockets and made us take off our hats to see whether we had regulation haircuts. It was he who told us that the new

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governor, who had arrived just the day before, was expected to visit the school.

We hurried to our classes. At the turn of the stairs Director Iasinevski displayed his gorgeous black beard, which he had generously doused in expensive perfume. As we walked past him we had to bow and shake hands solemnly. This dandy, an urban gentleman, who for some not-too-pretty offense had been transferred to the provinces, felt unusual scorn toward poverty and the 'cook's children.' He was a stickler for good tone and external politeness, and he hated everything plebeian. One did n't have to know anything about history, not even chronology, in order to get a high mark in this subject, which he taught. One merely had to walk up to the desk in trim collar and cuffs and a blouse of the finest cloth. Then he would sniff contentedly, always ask the identical question,—how Peter's boy-soldiers were dressed,—and send the pupil back to his seat without even listening to the answer.

We all knew this, and, since we could tell in advance when we would be called on, for the professor adhered strictly to the alphabet, we borrowed collar and cuffs from our schoolmates. And once we even took up a collection and bought these appurtenances for common use, so that during that semester, while the cuffs were still new and the trick undiscovered, the entire class received Five in history, Five being the highest mark. The 'cook's children,' on the other hand, no matter how hard they tried, could never get more than a Two or Three. He no sooner noticed worn-out shoes or a patch on a boy's blouse than he frowned fastidiously and sent the pupil back to his seat, muttering through his teeth, 'Boy, come to see me after class.'

He called everyone 'boy,' never condescending to remember proper names, though there were plenty of long-legged imbeciles, sons of wealthy parents, in the upper grades who already wore mustaches.

'Boy,' Iasinevski would say in his study, frowning and smoothing his dazzling beard with a well-groomed white hand, 'if you can't dress respectably, you may as well leave the school. Go learn a trade. I simply cannot understand why everyone wants to attend a secondary school these days. And who, pray tell, are going to be plumbers, shoemakers, and carpenters?'

The entire school paid back Iasinevski's cold, high-handed scorn of manual labor with whole-hearted hatred. Stones systematically bombarded the windows of his apartment, and someone always managed to daub tar on the doors and walls of his official residence.

II

Wearing a coat by a Petersburg tailor and shining patent-leather shoes, with the gold order of Anne suspended from his neck, he was unusually magnificent on the day of which I write. By his side rose the purple-robed figure of Father Khrisanf, preceded by an enormous belly. He was a fat glutton and an exceptional ignoramus. Though he had by some miracle graduated from the Academy, his knowledge and culture placed him on a level with the illiterate, pathetic country priests. One day, someone showed him several quotations from Darwin that might lead to atheistic conclusions. He

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read them, thought so long that perspiration stood out on his brow, and finally replied, 'What a fool that fellow is. If there were no God, how could holy water stand in a bottle for three months and not become putrid?' That was his only argument.

He stood at the turn of the stairs as enormous and motionless as a monument, paying no attention to our greetings and gazing over our heads. His festive cross sparkled with jewels, and his robe reflected all the colors of the rainbow. When we had filed by, the professors hurried to their classes. They wore full dress and swords. Twenty years have elapsed since then, but I can still see them as though it were yesterday, in all their decorated ignorance. Uncultured people of the lowest order, dishonest and lazy, they seemed to have been specially chosen to crush and pervert the nature and minds of the young boys whom they were supposed to teach. Of course, all this took place in the country, but even for a country school our assortment of professors was extraordinary.

III

Take, for instance, the professor of Russian language and literature, Kalashnikov, a weak, liverish fool who regarded everything from the point of view of title and importance. The only thing that mattered to him was the attitude of the authorities toward a particular man. For years he taught us only Krilov's fables. And, when someone spoke of the classics or contemporary writers, he made a grimace and said, 'Chekhov? What nonsense! Simply a non-practising physician. Lermontov? What kind of a writer is he? He never got to be more than a petty official. And Pushkin? If the Tsar had n't taken pity on him, he would be an ordinary tramp. No, my young friends, I do not recommend these people.'

And our German professor. She always began the lesson by saying that suffixes play a large rôle in Russian whereas they must be forgotten in German. And, when someone in the upper class asked her whether she knew Heine, she was silent for a moment and then replied, 'I remember buying live crabs in Heine's shop. First-rate crabs, they were. If I'm not mistaken the shopkeeper's name was Heine. But I never had the honor of meeting him personally.'

The geography teacher, Kravitski, whose great passion was dogs, managed to make the most interesting subject a terrible punishment. We had to learn the names of rivers in alphabetical order, and when speaking of mountain passes we had to divide them into two categories: those with dog rescue-teams and those without that wonderful institution. The nature teacher Gurski brought insects to class and tore out their wings during the instruction period, driving the whole class almost into hysterics, and the French professor made us learn grammar by memorizing a couple of hundred questions and answers that he had made up. Some of these questions were amazingly stupid: 'Question: Why do we learn grammar? Answer: We learn grammar so as not to sadden our parents by writing ungrammatically.' Of course, not all the professors were as bad as these, but I cannot recall a single name the memory of which is pleasant to me, not one who was kind and tactful in his contacts with young people, not one who

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started us thinking or awakened our hearts.

Our first lesson on that memorable day was Latin, and the professor in charge was Titov, an insane, seventy-year-old man who was serving off his last years in order to get a larger pension. His name was Alexei Yakovlevich, but behind his back and even to his face we called him Odyssey Yakovlevich, and sometimes just 'Odyssey.' Being somewhat blind and almost totally deaf, he could n't tell the difference. In fact, his sight and hearing were so poor that one pupil could readily answer in place of another, and, bending over his book, read any kind of trash—popular lyrics and quatrains about the three Chinamen or the wet crow under the bridge—instead of Latin. All one had to do was recite the piece without stopping, and with a nod of his head Titov would send one back to one's seat.

For some reason or other he nourished a passion for all things of unusual size. Everything he used was huge—his watch was the size of the palm of your hand, and he wound it with a huge key; he had an unbelievably long, fat, colored pencil, the kind that you see only in show windows. If he ever caught a pupil with a crib, he would beat him over the head with the pencil. Generally speaking, the blows were quite tame and were greeted by laughter. But that day a young boy named Grenner had the brilliant idea of turning the professor's habit 'to the general benefit of studious youth.' The day before, Odyssey had called on him to translate a text about the battle between the Numidians and the infantry of Quintus Fabius Maximus, and Grenner was caught with a crib, which he exhibited too daringly and from which he read in such a self-assured tone that one might think that his whole life had been devoted to a study of the wonderful Numidians. Consequently, he got a One, and Odyssey came down on him with the giant pencil.

IV

At the time when it happened, Grenner laughed along with the rest of us, but the next day he decided to capitalize on the situation, and, as he sat in the front row with the aristocratic boys, he demonstratively wound a handkerchief around his head. His estimate was correct. Odyssey no sooner entered the classroom and arranged his utensils than he asked, 'Grenner, what's the matter with you?'

'You should ask,' the boy answered in a loud voice, sighing and putting his hands up to his head. 'You beat me most to death, and now you ask.'

Odyssey sniffed anxiously. The governor was expected any minute. What would happen if, coming into the classroom and seeing the bandage, he should ask what it was all about.

'Take it off, Grenner,' the old professor said, more as a prayer than a command.

'I can't take it off,' Grenner whined. 'I have a bump the size of a cucumber.'

Odyssey blinked nervously and cast an anxious glance at the door. 'Come on, take it off; take it off, and we'll be friends again.'

'That's easy to say.' In Grenner's tone we could foresee victory. 'But what about the One you gave me? Change it to a Four, and I'll take the bandage off.'

This was too much even for Odys-

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sey. Though he was used to mockery, he was completely overwhelmed and did n't know what to reply to such a daring idea. Obviously, however, the odds were against him. He thought for a minute, cleared his throat, took the pencil, and added a triangle to the One of the day before. But Grenner was not content. He walked up to the desk to see if the Four stood in the right place. Then he took off the handkerchief. Of course, there was no sign of a bump on his head.

Just at that moment, Psych ran down the hall, stuck his twitching head through the door, and cried, 'He's coming.' Odyssey rose quickly, gathered his goods and chattels, and led us downstairs.

V

There was a great bustle below. The inspectors ran back and forth straightening our ranks, returning to their own positions, tugging at their coats, swords, and medals; the teachers and the beadles fussed, the musicians tested their instruments. Solemn and glorious, giving orders only with his eyes, Iasinevski stood above this troubled sea on a high platform, like a general watching a parade, his head slightly tilted back and his hand in a Napoleonic pose.

At last the dark-bay team of horses belonging to the governor flashed by, and the postilion Kozachok, the owner of fantastic mustaches, the ends of which he could easily tie at the back of his neck, jumped down to open the door. Everything was quiet. The musicians raised their brightly polished trumpets, and Father Khrisanf, taking a step forward, bellowed out the opening line of the hymn, 'Enter, thou dove!'

Later on the whole thing was cleared up. The new governor, a passionate gourmet who was rather suspicious of provincial supplies, had brought with him from the capital a great many bottles of olive oil. On the road one of the bottles had broken, and the oil had soiled the lining of his dress uniform, which lay in the same trunk. This misfortune came to light on the very morning he was supposed to visit our school. Sussman, the town tailor, was immediately called to change the lining.

This Sussman was known for his eccentricity and the originality of the notices that decorated his poverty-stricken little shop. When he set it up, he ordered a picture on which two tigers were ripping a pair of pants. The picture bore the following caption: 'It tears, but not along the seams.'

But even the tigers were of no avail, and hard competition oppressed Sussman. Almost all the tailors in the town lived on the same street and vied with one another by the claims set forth on their signboards. The doors of the workshops were decorated with superlatives. 'The best tailor of St. Petersburg.' 'The best city tailor.' 'The best tailor in the entire province.' Sussman thought for a long time how to outdo his neighbors, who had already used up all the epithets and all the geographic terms. Finally, he ordered the following notice: 'The best tailor on this street.'

A week before the governor's visit Iasinevski called upon Sussman's son Isaac in history class. Isaac was an unusually pleasant, retiring, and gifted boy. No sooner did he walk up to the desk than Iasinevski frowned and sent him back to his seat without even

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asking him a question. Later he sent him home with a note to his parents saying that their son smelt of *borshch* and that this fact required immediate attention. When he received the note, Sussman became very angry and wrote the following reply, 'I sent you a boy, not a rose. Teach him, don't smell him. Sussman.' There was a terrible scandal. Sussman was called to explain. He had to go through lengthy apologies, and, to clear up the incident entirely, he promised to renovate the director's old bathrobe with the torn tassels free of charge.

That day, having at his disposal the governor's team of horses in order to hurry to his shop and get the silk to reline the soiled uniform, he could n't deny himself the pleasure of parading through the entire town, to the mad jealousy of his competitors. And, while he was at it, he decided to visit his most influential clients, for he thought that such a display of luxury would help him in his business.

VI

And so, when everything was quiet and the priest intoned, 'Enter, thou dove!' instead of this dove, Sussman, holding the renovated directorial bathrobe, appeared. He stepped in quickly, with a businesslike bearing, and stopped, amazed by the unusual festivity of the reception. Perhaps he did n't understand what it was all about and acted as in a trance, or perhaps he understood in a flash and decided to pretend that there was nothing unusual about the occasion. In any case, after a dignified pause, he marched up to the platform and, with the classical gesture of all tailors the world over, he spread the bathrobe wide and said, 'Gaze upon this, worthy director. Test my workmanship. I cannot guarantee the material, for it is very old, but I substituted tassels of my own, and these tassels will not surrender even if the heroic knight Kojemiaka should tear them.'

It is difficult for me to imagine Iasinevski's emotions, for he was a dandy, an aristocrat, and a stickler for high tone in the school. A wave of laughter ran through our ranks, and curious passers-by stuck their heads through the windows that opened on the street. Then we all knew that in one hour the whole town would hear about it. Iasinevski blushed, turned pale, and muttered something through his teeth to Psych. Then he about-faced and disappeared. The porters shoved the frightened tailor out the door, and the teachers took us back to our classrooms.

Five minutes later, wiping his brow with a handkerchief the size of a towel, Titov, the Latinist, laid out the huge pencil that the whole school hated and opened the fat tome of the Punic Wars. No one listened. Laughter rang in Odyssey's class. And Grenner's face was radiant. He was particularly delighted by the idea that the governor had n't come after all and that he still had a Four. But Odyssey cast a sarcastic glance his way and dug into his pocket. 'Grenner,' he said, 'do you think it behooves a worthy young man to worry his instructors? *Dixi!*' He took out an eraser of unbelievable proportions that bore the picture of an elephant and, with a single stroke, erased the triangle he had drawn only a few minutes ago. Freed from this decoration, a large fat One stood out on Titov's enormous ledger.

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II. The Three Watchmen

By Vsevolod Ivanov

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Paper

ABOUT ten years ago I lived in a street opposite Clear Ponds. The editorial department of *Krug*, to which I belonged at the time, occupied a large house on that street. I not only worked in the office; I slept there in a yellow and green room, in the centre of which stood a hard blue couch. I never pushed it against the wall because innumerable bedbugs rushed madly up and down there although some strange laziness kept them from crossing the room. To tell the truth, I always brushed the floor and walls with a mop dipped in kerosene before going to bed. My manuscripts, covered with linen, were on the window-sills and inside the couch. An old blackboard lay forgotten in the corner.

Because I was young and because Sergei Esenin was a friend of mine, I often came home at daybreak. That was the time when I conceived the plan of writing a novel about the Kremlin. But I had so little time to read up on my subject—also because I was young—that I used to read on the way home. The early morning light and freshness helped me in my task.

One day I was studying the *Holy Life of Sergei Radonejski*. I finished the book while I was waiting for the watchman to open the door, and, having no tendencies toward becoming a bibliophile, I threw *Sergei Radonejski* into the gutter.

'What's the book about?' the watchman asked, opening the gate. 'About God, perhaps? For surely, if it had been about women, you would n't have thrown it away like that.'

'It's a holy book,' I replied carelessly. 'But you, uncle, who are so young, should be ashamed to be interested in religion.'

Without a word the watchman picked up the book. That afternoon when I walked by his lodge I saw the young watchman through the window. The pink paper cover of *Sergei Radonejski* had opened its wings in the young fellow's hands, and he was peering into them. Unbelievably large tears were streaming down his face.

'What's happened? Has your sweetheart been poisoned?' I asked.

He looked at me gently and pointed to a paragraph. 'The Lord sent you my way, citizen, and you must have been drunk to skip this beautiful description. For surely, had you read it, you never would have reached the gate. Your very soul would have run out in tears.'

I entered the lodge through the window with a single bound. 'What's it all about?'

Nikolai, the little watchman, slowly and clumsily read me the story of how Saint Sergei was so religious that even in his infancy he refused to suck at his mother's breasts on Wednesdays and Fridays. 'And here we are guzzling,' Nikolai exclaimed sorrowfully.

Three cots completely filled the lodge. Two of the watchmen slept, and, instead of being on duty, Nikolai read the *Holy Life*. The watchmen were all young fellows who had not yet

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served in the army. They had just come from the country, but their cots already looked quite different. And curiously enough all three of their names began with Nik—Nikifor, Nikolai, and Nikanor. All the little boys in the neighborhood teased them and called them 'the three Niks.'

Of course, the fact that their cots looked different was not in itself unusual, but it helped me to understand the characters of the three Niks. For instance, the stocky, broad-shouldered Nikifor adored private property. He covered his cot with a fine blanket. He even had a sheet, which was more than I could boast. He owned chrome-yellow shoes, a silk shirt, and a cloth coat. But all these things were merely for show. He never wore them. His prominent jaw bespoke miserliness.

One day, opening the gate for me at daybreak, he muttered, 'Here I go click-clicking the lock. You'd think a nickel might fall my way.'

'But you would be ashamed to take a tip.'

'The village is ashamed of nothing. Now that I've gotten myself dressed, I'm going to start saving toward setting up an establishment . . .'

He did n't want to say too much, for he was afraid that I might tell 'bad people' about his money. Nikifor irritated me. I could not look at his prominent jaw without shuddering. Nikolai, however, disgusted me with his gentleness. He kept clean little ikons hanging above his bed. I used to visit churches with him while collecting material for my novel, and something or other was always moving him to the point of tears. On Arbatski Square, for instance, there was a little church where you could find a wonderful preacher; a certain patriarch had introduced deaconesses to help the service along, and the heads of these deaconesses were covered with a white cloth, 'like flowers at midday,' Nikolai said. The age and wisdom of Tikhon, the patriarch, also moved him to tears.

Nikanor was the one who attracted me. Thin, bent, with dark intense eyes, he was inspired by a desire for some high, unusual love. Somehow I found that he resembled me when I was a boy. He was trusting and simple. The greedy Nikifor easily swindled him out of his earnings on some pretext or other, either dues for the trade union, or extra taxes for repaving the sidewalks. And I would sometimes say to Nikanor, 'Why did you give him the money? You know he's a liar.'

'But what am I to do with it?'

'Well, you could at least change your straw sandals for real shoes.'

'I don't know. I think straw sandals are funnier.'

But he was not humble. He was simply indifferent and unconcerned. Sometimes, however, indignation seized him, and then his thinness acquired a certain strength: he seemed to glow from within. But he became indignant for strange reasons. He would stop by the window and burst into a rage, clenching his fists, and his eyes would become unusually sharp. 'There are windows in all the houses, Ivanov, and at each window there is a young girl. And I have the key to the entire household. All the transients go through my door.'

'They're not transients, they're tenants,' I said.

'They're transients to me, and I'm a transient to them, too. There's not one of them that knows me by name.'

This thin, stooped fellow in straw

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shoes lived in a fantastic world. He brought to Moscow with him all the cosmogony of the far-off woodlands—the stars, the kings of the sea, the mermaids, the evil spirits, and the knights of old.

'But, Nikanor, you understand that we have had a social revolution, that everything . . .'

He would wink at me slyly. 'How could I help knowing it? I'm not a fool. I can see that everything is all mixed up. Just like a story. Pretty soon a princess is going to walk out that window and stretch out her hand to you and me and say, "Allow me to kiss you, worthy sires." But what if my heart should not be able to stand it, Ivanov? What then?'

II

Great passions dwelt in the hearts of the three watchmen. I could feel that something was happening to them. In the olden days they would either have drunk themselves to death, gone back to the country, or cut each other's throats. It all began the day someone stole Nikolai's purse right out of his pocket at Holy Easter Mass. Nikolai would have forgiven the man and would not have worried about it, especially as he only had a ruble and a half in it.

'But the thief did it because he needed the money; he was n't just fooling,' Nikolai said. For the thief not only took his purse, he went searching in the pockets of his neighbor, a respectable man with glasses, and the respectable man with glasses caught the thief. All this took place in the sky-blue little church opposite the Sretenski Gates. The congregation beat the thief right in the church. They beat him 'seriously,' as Nikolai put it.

'When the ambulance came,' he told us, 'the thief had the death rattle in his throat.'

'But don't you beat up horse-thieves in your village?' I asked.

'Well, that's the village, that's different. But here we're in the city, in Moscow. And the man who beat up the thief was respectable. He wore glasses and said his prayers earnestly. Just think, man can see the world through his own eyes, but this fellow puts on glasses to see it better. And then he goes and beats a man to death. What did he study for if he has n't learned anything? And what did he live through the revolution for?'

'But,' I said, 'according to your way of thinking, spiritual sight is what matters, seeing God. Well, the respectable man gave the thief spiritual sight.'

III

Nikolai was silent. I did not know him well. I thought that he would worry for a while and then forget, that he would end up by saying that God knows best and that we sinners are no judges of righteousness. But something began to seethe inside Nikolai. He apparently did n't like my jokes and, without consulting me, went to the Red Corner of the House Committee. Here, without saying anything definite, speaking very vaguely and mentioning no specific facts, he asked, 'What outrages are possible in religion, both in the country and in the city?' A more important question he sent to the trade union.

One day, I met him with a package of books under his arm. 'I'm going to the Palace of Labor,' he said gently

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and importantly. These three words, 'Palace of Labor,' he spoke for the first time. He now understood that there existed another palace besides the one that belonged to the emperor and his generals, a palace in which 'they' would tell *him*, little Nikolai, the watchman, who hinders his work and who helps him, what his thoughts are and what actions are justified, and how he is to keep from losing himself.

In the Palace of Labor he gently asked, in a roundabout way, so that people would understand him and still not be offended, why religion continues to exist in the Soviet Republics. Then he returned home and thought about it for several days. Next he turned against Nikifor and attacked his miserliness and the limitation of his ambitions. Nikifor got angry. By that time he, too, had his own most unusual thoughts, but he kept them secret. Apparently little Nikolai did not trust me very much. He never talked to me. He could never forgive me for reading the *Holy Life of Sergei Radonejski*. Only once did Nikolai say to me, 'You were right to throw it away.'

'Throw what away?'

'That book. Sergei something or other. He's either a rascal or a madman, who, in his own interests . . . '

He acquired new words, but he particularly liked the expression, 'in his own interests.'

He delighted in Nikanor's dreams and gently pushed him along. He forced Nikanor to be angry with Nikifor, and from that day on the watchmen's lodge rang with discussions and fights. The wall above Nikolai's bed was bare.

'Did you send your ikons back to the village?' I asked.

'No, I used them to start the fire. Good dry wood, you know. I thought of taking them to the Sukharevka Thieves' Market, but then I said to myself, "It is in my own interests not to take them."'

And now, when Nikifor slept, he covered himself with the blanket and not with his coat as he used to do. He put on his cloth coat and chrome-colored shoes. Once I saw him accompanying Nikanor, who was going to the Sukharevka to buy shoes instead of straw sandals.

'A shoe should be strong and serious,' Nikifor said.

'It is all right for it to be serious,' Nikanor answered, 'but girls like light shoes.'

'It is n't the shoes that the girls like, it's the man inside the shoes.'

Soon afterward the three Niks went into military training.

IV

A few years later I met Nikifor in a bookshop on Tverskaia Street. He was buying books on electrical engineering. 'I saw electricity burning all round me, and I did n't understand why it burned. I was ashamed,' he explained to me. And then, turning to the clerk, 'And you, clerk, give me a thicker book.' He obviously valued books. He tested the strength of the paper, examined the binding, and questioned the authority of the author. I discovered that the three Niks were again living together. They were all working as furnace-men in a house on Bolshaia Dmitrovka Street. 'Surely you must be a professor now?' Nikifor asked.

He was displeased to find that I had no title although I had written

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many books. 'What kind of books are they if you're not a professor?' I could read in his eyes.

He invited me to see him, however, and I gladly accepted the invitation. The thin, stooped Nikanor was studying at the Conservatory, and little Nikolai was taking courses in architecture.

'And you find time to do all these things?' I asked.

'The Government worries about that,' Nikolai answered grandly and gently. 'It is n't enough to tear down churches because people are fools: they'll start praying in ditches. You have to break down their lives so that they can see the world more clearly from their own houses than from a thousand thousand churches. But it is n't enough to break down. You have to build.'

'I'd like to write your story,' I started to say, when Nikifor interrupted me: 'I'm a Party man now, and I'll tell my own story at the Party purge. How I got rid of personal property and so on. And I won't let you write it without my permission. But if the Party takes note of my life and wants it written up . . . '

And then came the day when little Nikolai invited me to examine the club that had been built according to his plan. We were walking down from the Polytechnical Museum to Nogin Place talking about the Writers' Congress, about the literary and architectural landscape. Thin Nikanor was already a talented pianist.

And this is the most ordinary Soviet story about three ordinary watchmen, who came to Moscow, illiterate and confused, from the far-off wooded villages, and the only unusual thing about it, to tell the truth, is the fact that the names of all three begin with 'Nik.'

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This essay on French and English justice contrasts the legalized humanity of France and England's humane legalism.

JUSTICE French *and* English

By PIERRE MILLE

Translated from the *Temps*
Paris Semi Official Daily

SOME years ago a destitute French woman, abandoned in London by her lover and dishonored with a newborn child that she could not feed, threw this infant into the Serpentine River. She was condemned to death by the English jury. Her plea for mercy was refused. She was hanged.

Toward the close of last year a waiter who had taken the name of Mancini, although he was really English—for in England, as in our country during the eighteenth century, one changes one's name easily and a waiter has less difficulty getting a job when he has an Italian name, just as a composer or orchestra leader in France long found it preferable to have a foreign-sounding name—appeared before a London jury charged with the following crime.

In his room the police had discovered a trunk containing the dead body of a girl, with whom everyone knew he had lived. It was in a terrible state of decomposition. The victim's skull showed a serious fracture capable of having caused her death; moreover, her intestines contained traces of a poisonous stupefying drug. Mancini was acquitted.

In France the abandoned woman guilty of infanticide would certainly have been acquitted after she had signed her release. What verdict the waiter would have received it is hard to say. Perhaps it would have been a 'black-and-white' verdict, a condemnation with extenuating circumstances, for he was not what might be called 'sympathetic.' He depended much less on the exercise of his profession than on the gifts he received from women to whom he granted his favors. These, moreover, belonged to the category that is described in England by the modest word 'unfortunate.' This question of sympathy or antipathy toward the accused plays an appreciable rôle in the decisions of our juries. In England it plays none. On the contrary, it is rigorously forbidden to make any allusion to the antecedents of the

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defendant. Only the facts in the case are in question.

And the English jury must consider just one thing—if a murder has been committed, is it certain that the accused committed the crime in a mentally responsible state and without any legitimate excuse of self-defense? If such is the case, no excuse of any kind, psychological or otherwise, can be taken into consideration. He is condemned to death. Now in the case of the waiter it appeared in court that his friend made a habit of taking drugs. She 'might' have taken a large enough dose to kill herself. Moreover, because of her profession, which Kipling would have called the oldest in the world, she was in the way of receiving 'visits' by night. It was therefore 'possible' that one of the visitors committed the crime or even that Violet Hayes might have inflicted the wound on herself in a state of stupefaction. In any case, the waiter argued that he had found her dead and that fear of the police had caused him to hide her body in the trunk. No proof to the contrary could be found, hence the guilt of the defendant was not certain, hence he was acquitted, and at once walked out of court a free man, not even having to go through the formality of signing his name.

Moreover, in spite of the suspicions against him, he was arrested only after the longest possible delay. By virtue of the old *habeas corpus* law, a defendant subject to serious penalties and who has been the victim of manœuvres by any individual at all, official or otherwise, has the right to appeal against any procedure that might lead him to be incarcerated. The defendant can plead not guilty or guilty, and, in the case of murder, if he pleads guilty there is no trial. He is sentenced to death without further discussion.

In 1931, a man called Stein, who could have defended himself very well, suddenly decided to plead guilty in front of the jury. 'I can do nothing about it,' said the judge (there is only one judge in session) after adjourning court and making a vain appeal to the defendant's lawyer. Thereupon, the judge pronounced a sentence of death on Stein, who seemed to accept it with satisfaction. Nature develops tastes of every kind.

II

From certain points of view English law is therefore infinitely more considerate of the rights of the defendant than ours. In other respects, however, it is infinitely more severe, because no consideration of a sentimental or psychological nature can enter into the case.

This has been shown very clearly in a book entitled *Un crime passionnel devant la justice anglaise* by M. Jean Duhamel of the Paris and London bar and Mr. Dill Smith, a London lawyer. The case has to do with a certain Frenchman named Vaquier, who had poisoned his mistress's husband. Here was a crime of passion if there ever was one, for Vaquier stood to gain nothing in a material sense. Although he did not know any English and could not exchange a word with Mrs. Jones, he was madly in love with her and could not live without her. He had drunk of the philtre of love. The murder was clear. In France a jury would have taken psychological circumstances into consideration and given him the benefit of them, but the English jury meant sure death. In

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performing his murder, Vaquier would have been much better advised to take the whole family to France. In a French court he would undoubtedly have received much better treatment.

Following Messrs. Duhamel and Smith, let us now examine how things are done in England, first, in investigating the crime and then before the jury. During the inquest the freedom of the individual meets with a respect that does not exist in our country. A large accumulation of evidence is necessary before the suspect can be subject to preventive arrest. For a long time the authorities are content to watch him closely, and it is very difficult for him to escape. Moreover, England is surrounded by water. Anyone who reaches a port with the intention of embarking to another country is easily detected, and since the progress of aviation the same 'observations' have been extended to flying fields.

In the second place, when the individual is questioned by the police and then by a magistrate sitting in public—for so the official instructions read—he is warned that he has the right not to answer any question if his reply might be used against him. In short, investigation of the affair must go forward apart from himself, and, even when he is questioned in the court of assizes, the defendant has the right to keep silent.

Here is another essential difference. In our country the presiding officer in the court of assizes begins by questioning the defendant. He assumes visibly, too visibly, a rôle that no public officer should take. He plays two parts and becomes an auxiliary to the prosecution. The defense and its public counsel for questioning and cross-questioning witnesses do not appear until later. The English judge, on the other hand, sums up the affair after the prosecution and defense have both been heard, a privilege that our presiding judges have lost. But custom compels him not to do more than expound the thesis of the defense and the prosecution with the utmost impartiality. Except when he sums up the case he keeps complete silence, breaking it only to make sure that one rule is respected—the witness must not testify to anything that he has not personally seen and heard. He must not repeat the words of a third party. Long experience has shown that words change when passed from mouth to mouth and that is why, in the Mancini affair, the judge interrupted a witness who said, 'I heard so-and-so say.' Such testimony had no value. It could not be introduced.

As for the press, the law of contempt of court prevents it under penalty of heavy damages not only from publishing any private investigation or commentary on a case that is being tried but from reproducing anything but the examinations and cross-examinations of the trial and the judge's summation. The opinion of the jurors and of the public must not be influenced by outside information, which is often biased.

Now consider what happens in our country. The trial is neither public nor secret. It shares the faults of both systems. The defense lawyer gives newspaper men confidential information favorable to his client. His client's adversaries then reply by 'echoes.' The judge, who is indirectly involved, also delivers himself of 'confidences.'

In France it is often said, 'We have no use for dishonest people. So much

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the worse for them. The methods employed in England to guarantee the rights of the defendant verge on the sentimental. The ruffian will benefit from them more often than the honest man.'

'That is the very essence of the conflict between the two conceptions,' say Messrs. Duhamel and Smith. 'If a country offers many guarantees to the defendant, the defendant for his part must be punished with uniform severity if he is convicted, especially in a capital offense. That is the case in England. The result is that, if France were to take over some features of the English system, verdicts would have to be more vigorously enforced. Otherwise the fate of the criminal in our country would be really enviable. He would benefit from the English guarantees and from the excessive indulgence of his fellow citizens.'

Let me repeat that you can never prevent a French jury from considering psychological motives in rendering its verdict, and this preoccupation is absolutely foreign to the mentality of English jurors.

III

What then should we do? The wisest course would be to revert to the intentions announced by M. Doumergue in one of his radio broadcasts. At the moment we are reforming our penal and criminal codes. Let us also consider a reform of the judiciary that would assure French judges complete independence. In spite of the permanency of their job, our judges are all 'making careers.' They are subject to promotion and demotion, to hostility, bitterness, and perhaps to pressure. Their pay is meagre. All these things should be changed. And, moreover, a complete separation should be introduced between the 'sitting' magistrate and the 'standing' magistrate. Our judges are learned and honest. If they were also assured absolute moral and material independence, we should have no cause to envy England. 'Politics driven from the bench, what a subject for a new Delacroix,' suggests M. Duhamel.

That is my opinion. Nevertheless, a question comes to my mind. Imagine an affair in which the defendant can not be found, the Prince affair, for instance. In England, by virtue of the law of contempt of court, it would not be discussed, whereas in France we talk too much about it, so that people who played no part in the affair suffer inevitable material and moral damage: both M. Duhamel and I are referring to a certain doctor in Dijon of absolute personal honesty, who was not implicated in these events in any way. Yet everybody is excited about it, and it thus becomes a public affair, even including a parliamentary commission that interferes in a matter that does not concern it. Which is better in this case, the English system or the French system—or absence of system? I confess that I find it hard to arrive at an opinion. It makes my head ache.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that, if a Prince affair had occurred in England with public sittings and the law of contempt of court preventing anyone from repeating anything except what was said before the court, the affair would have passed off more quietly and certain members of the Chamber would never have thought of setting up a commission to question witnesses, which would have been better for everybody, the Chamber included.

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A British resident of Calcutta indicates the gulf that separates the foreign colony from the natives of India.

Englishmen *in* INDIA

By ONE OF THEM

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE Europeans in a town like Calcutta make an extraordinarily self-contained community. For this there are a variety of reasons, creditable and otherwise. But, as long as this isolation, we might say insulation, of the European continues, he is bound to incur all the odium that accrues to a prosperous alien community dwelling among a people sensitive to the point of morbidity.

Of the 350 millions who populate India, the European civilian element numbers only 100,000. Yet the seemingly impossible is accomplished; it is possible for a European to live years in India without ever meeting socially an Indian of his own standing. The writer in several years' residence met Indians in private European houses, in semi-official circles, or at gatherings summoned in pursuit of some ideal of social service—but never otherwise.

Who, then, are the Indians whom the European meets and in what circumstances? By far the largest class of contacts is limited to subordinates —servants, peons, coolies, and the like. Conditions of work in India—due to causes too numerous to detail here—necessitate a far greater supply of labor than would be needed for any similar job at home. This holds true even of labor in the household, where, for example, a young couple living in a block of flats would require a minimum of four servants—and more should they have children or a car, as they usually do. It must be remembered, too, that the native languages of the educated Indian are not spoken by the illiterate class. The European, therefore, learns the very small minimum of words necessary for communication with his servants and has no incentive to acquire the language by which alone he might approach his cultivated neighbors. Of the vast ancient literature and culture of the educated Indian he remains ignorant; often he does not

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even know of its existence. The inevitable result is that the European tends to see himself as a captain of industry, employer of barbarian illiterates fit only to be governed by civilized oligarchs such as himself.

II

He develops a superiority complex. Not for him to wait his turn at the post-office counter, not for him to travel in trams or buses, or other than first-class in trains, not for him the medium-priced seat at cinema or theatre, lest his prestige be lowered. In Bombay a useful corrective is supplied by the greater concentration of capital in Indian hands, with the European in many cases as the employee; but in Calcutta snobbery is intensified by the fact that capital is largely concentrated in European hands with Indians serving in subordinate capacities. Of Indian equals or colleagues the European has few. The qualifications and professional experience of an Indian may be equal or superior to those of a European, but the Indian will receive anything from one-third to three-quarters of the salary given to a European. Inequality of income, and therefore of standard of living, widens the gulf between those who might otherwise meet on common ground as equals and colleagues. The Indian whose income and standard of living approximate those of the European is likely to be of a higher social standing in his country than the Europeans in their own—and knowing this fact he scorns the European accordingly.

Supposing that the scorn and snobbery of both sides be overcome and that they both show a desire for further intercourse, additional difficulties present themselves. Social contact is lubricated by the exchange of hospitality. But, however keen one's desire, the organization of the Hindu family as an undivided unit, whereby all generations of the family, married or single, live under one roof (so that it is not uncommon for a family to sit down twenty or more to each meal), makes the acceptance of hospitality in the Indian home a formidable undertaking. Even where there is a reasonable hope that a nascent liking might grow into an affectionate intimacy, to court friendship in surroundings so public and so heterogeneous requires exceptional courage and faith in its superiority to less hardly won loves. And Indians rarely demand this test. Many prefer to entertain in a club or restaurant or restrict meetings to the neutral ground of the playing field and the race course. An additional complication arises from the difference in status of the women of each community.

The European woman aspires to an equality with her men folk; the Hindu woman, who worships her husband as a god, would think it presumption to eat at table with him, while to allow herself to be served before him, or to express in public an opinion contrary to his, would be unthinkable. Though it is true that Indian women are more and more coming out of the seclusion of their homes and taking part in public affairs, their social experience and education are still decidedly inferior to those of their men folk. Intercourse between Europeans and Indian men is possible, between Europeans and Indian women it is often embarrassingly difficult even when the language obstacle is overcome; each sees

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life from so different an angle that it is hard to find points of contact or establish community of tastes. Again, where European men and women forgather in India, dancing is almost inevitable. But Indians do not dance in couples, and dancing, anyway, is left to the professional woman of low class. Again, a European host experiences all manner of difficulties; a high-caste Indian will not eat food contaminated by Untouchables, among whom the European is classed; many communities will not eat meat of any kind, while Hindus will not eat beef nor Mohammedans pork. Even mealtimes and table manners differ. The Indian lunches about 11 or 12 and dines about 9 or 10; he prefers to sit on the floor rather than on a chair; he finds it repugnant to eat with a knife and fork that another may use after him and will use his fingers in preference, much to the disgust of the European. Thus, a multiplicity of apparently insignificant differences in manners, social organization, and religious observances render exchange of hospitality difficult if not uncongenial.

III

It would be a mistake to imply that it is unknown for Europeans and Indians to meet in friendly fashion and eat together, play together, dance together, and semi-official circles definitely encourage intercourse of this sort. But it must be remembered that, while the westernized Indian, who eats forbidden food, wears clothes that his parents would think immodest, and behaves in a manner that by their standards is accounted shameless, may do all these things because he is a man of exceptional independence and courage, he may, on the other hand, merely be a man of worthless character who finds it pleasant to live without the restraints of discipline. It is the latter interpretation that is most often put upon his actions, even by thoughtful people of both races. And this consideration tends to reinforce racial prejudice. Not long ago, I came across an English merchant who explained to a newcomer that he had been compelled to refuse an invitation to a tea dance at a public restaurant, issued to him and his wife by an Indian family, because 'it would be as much as my bread and butter are worth for my wife to be seen dancing in public with an Indian.'

A second fact of importance is the temporary nature of service in India. The young Englishman who comes out does not, as a rule, contemplate making his career and a permanent home in India. If he does, in the event, spend most of his life serving in the country, that is an accident of fate, leaving his nostalgia for his own country unassuaged and leading him to snatch as much home leave as possible and to spend his life's savings and the leisure of his retirement outside the country that provided them. Now a man who regards himself, and is regarded by the inhabitants, as a visitor may do his job very efficiently; he may construct roads, build bridges, amass fortunes, which are the admiration of others, but he does not make the most public-spirited or efficient of citizens. The great problems of India—its low standards of living on every plane, be it economic, cultural, or spiritual, its insanitation and poverty, its ignorance and superstition, its corruption and disunion—affect him but little. Thus, a teacher in an ele-

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mentary school may receive 18 shillings per month as salary (about the price of a couple of bottles of whisky) compared with his cook's 40 shillings or his clerk's 80 shillings a month. Since he sends his children home for their schooling, how is he to know or, knowing, care? After all, he may be forgiven for thinking, 'It's not my business, it's *their* country.' He may even realize that a teacher paid a salary little higher than the one paid to the Untouchable sweeper in his employ is unlikely to deliver goods of any value and that a population so 'educated' cannot but prove fruitful soil for incompetence and disaffection. Even then he may be forgiven for not being filled with that zeal for reform that alone makes reform possible. His contract expires in three years, he may be moved elsewhere, or get a decent job at home; in any case, he could not carry his point in the time, and he dislikes the dilettantism that is content to take up a job knowing that probabilities are against its completion. Or suppose that he be getting on in years, a resident in the town and civically minded, as many to their credit are, and that he is taking part in municipal enterprises—even then he cannot be relied upon for that persistent watchfulness and alertness that alone makes for victory over vested interests. Perhaps the reform dear to his heart is due to come up for consideration next year, when he is on his 'long leave' or due to retire. At every turn his good intentions are brought to nought by the fact that he is a bird of passage, a man with no stake in the country. In Calcutta the European Association, in spite of all efforts to increase its membership, numbers only 25 per cent of the European residents and at recent elections was unable, in a European ward, to secure the return of the candidate it favored. The Indians, who have insisted at the Round Table Conference and elsewhere that the European trader in India must at least become an Indian citizen before asking for special privileges or safeguards for his community, may be more farsighted than is usually allowed.

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A Russian aristocrat and scholar, who now endorses the Revolution, proclaims that the ex-surrealist, Louis Aragon, has just written a literary masterpiece.

ARAGON Arrives

By PRINCE D. S. MIRSKI

Translated from *Literaturnaia Gazeta*
Moscow Literary Paper

SIX or seven years ago a leader of French literature told me, 'There are two geniuses in French literature today—and one of them is Aragon.' His estimate was obviously exaggerated, but it indicates the important position that Aragon, the surrealist, occupied in the 'inner circles.' His was a high place on the ladder of literary snobbery, and, though he remained unknown to the public at large, his colleagues looked upon him as a master. He therefore had something to lose when he broke off his relationship with bourgeois literature, and the fact that he was able to make that break attests to his literary manliness.

The transformation of Aragon, the surrealist, into a proletarian writer has international significance, for it was not only a thorough reconstruction of the man and the worker but of the artist. The fact that Aragon was able and willing to undergo this metamorphosis proves how honest and powerful a revolutionist he is. Having killed one artist within himself and found another, who in no way resembles the first, he has demonstrated his great creative power.

Les Cloches de Bâle [Paris: Denoël et Steele, 1934] is an important stage in Aragon's creative biography. After he quit surrealism, he wrote only poems, most of which have been collected in the book entitled *Hourra —l'Oural*. But Aragon was never primarily a poet and should not be judged by his poetic compositions.

Les Cloches de Bâle is the first part of a chronicle dealing with French society just before, during, and immediately after the Imperialist War. As we read this novel we should remember that it is only the beginning of a larger canvas. Some situations, which may appear unjustified in the light of the first part alone, will later find their solution. The novel is constructed on several planes that hardly

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ever meet. Yet this apparent discreteness is essentially different from what we find in Dos Passos, in whose work the development of the story along different lines that meet only by chance reflects the artistic attitude of the author, who sees the chaos of the bourgeois world but has not yet found an artistic expression suitable to his political understanding of the struggle for the proletarian revolution. Aragon is a Communist writer whose artistic world-view is permeated with his political understanding of history. He sees the imperialist organization of bourgeois society with all its contradictions and, at the opposite pole, the organization of the revolutionary proletariat. Above the chaos of petty affairs and personal lives he sees the struggle that determines the meaning and reality of our epoch. This meaning also determines the composition of Aragon's novel, in which the different planes and characters are not subjected to a sort of lyric orchestration, as in Dos Passos, but to the relationship which these different characters and planes occupy toward the struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

II

Les Cloches de Bâle, which is the first part of an epic dealing with the pre-war period,—the story closes at the end of 1912,—has woman as its special theme: her slavery in bourgeois society and her path to freedom. Three of the four sections that compose the book bear the names of the heroines who represent three moments in the development of the theme—Diana, Catherine, and Clara.

Diana, who is the daughter of noble parents and the kept-woman of a whole series of wealthy men, is not so much a person as an *objet de luxe*, which always goes from the less wealthy to the more wealthy owner. She is the quintessence of prostitution and parasitism. Catherine Simonidze is the daughter of a Georgian émigrée who is separated from her husband, a Baku oil king, and she lives on the stingy donations of a father whom she does not know. Catherine is the petty-bourgeois rebel, the anarchist, the man-hater who seeks liberty through freedom from male tyranny, who goes from one lover to the next in order to prove her independence of them all, who, while exhausted by this slavery, still remains a remnant of the same world of prostitution and parasitism. The third heroine is Clara, Clara Zetkin, the leader of the international proletarian movement, the prototype of the woman of the future, of the working woman, the symbol of the revolutionary path toward freedom. *Les Cloches de Bâle* ends with Clara's speech at the Basel Congress on woman's struggle against war and for the proletarian revolution.

It is a bold and unusual stroke to set in juxtaposition Clara Zetkin, an historical leader and a heroine of the proletariat, Diana, the worldly prostitute, and the futile, distraught intellectual, Catherine. But in this contrast Aragon reveals, I think, a correct understanding of what really is typical: it is not that which is most often seen but that which expresses most fully the essence of a particular historical phenomenon. Thus, the brainless prostitute is much more typical of the woman of the bourgeoisie than the petty-bourgeois, respectable mother of a family—although the mothers may be more numerous than the

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prostitutes—because such a prostitute expresses the true position of woman in the capitalist class. In like manner, the revolutionary vanguard is most typical of the proletariat, and Aragon was absolutely right in choosing a great leader of the proletarian movement as a type.

Since Aragon introduces three heroines, the story takes place in three circles of society. Diana represents the world of the governing bourgeoisie, where members of the former royal house, republican generals, Ministers, aristocratic courtesans, and international capitalists foregather. The entire first part takes place in this setting, and the story attempts gradually to reveal the nature of its participants. The author strips his characters of their bourgeois respectability with such supreme mastery that each new revelation comes as a complete surprise, though many hints have preceded the actual disclosure. The final revelation comes when the reader suddenly catches a glimpse of the real character of the millionaire Brunel, the gay speculator. He turns out to be a simple usurer 'working' on the money of the automobile king who is Diana's lover and the source of the wealth and luxury that surround Diana and her husband, Brunel. This section of the novel is a satirical comedy, relentlessly cruel and at the same time never going beyond the limits of comedy, for not one of the characters ever arouses our pity.

III

The second world we enter is the circle of Catherine Simonidze, an unstable, passing world, which touches the ruling class, on the one hand, and the world of anarchists and émigrés, on the other. The atmosphere here is changing. The cold, comic irony of 'Diana' gives way to the emotionally charged climate of worries, cares, and problems. The author obviously sympathizes with Catherine. Perhaps he sympathizes a little too much. His sympathy, however, never becomes condescending. On the contrary, Aragon is relentlessly severe toward his heroine's parasitical life and her egotistical individualism. But, at the same time, Catherine's personality, her love affairs, the impression she receives from the shooting of a group of workers, her devotion to anarchism, the suffering she endures when the doctor tells her that she will soon die, her attempt at suicide—all these things fascinate the author. Catherine's rôle in the general theme of the novel is to show the futility of all her attempts to create a free and worthy life. The liberation of woman outside the struggle for the liberation of the working class is fruitless and empty, and Catherine remains bound by the same bourgeois chains among which Diana is so comfortably enthroned.

The third circle introduces the revolutionary worker's movement. It enters the novel in two ways: first, as a stage in the story of Catherine's development and, second, as a part of the political and historical atmosphere in which the narrative evolves. Catherine's contact with socialist workers does not produce a lasting impression on her. Because she is attracted by the healthy and balanced personality of the socialist chauffeur Victor, who quite by chance saves her from suicide, she offers her services to the strike committee during the chauffeurs' strike, works with great zeal at first,

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but soon wearies of her responsibilities, gradually grows away from her new friends, and returns to her intellectual, restless solitude.

The fact that Aragon does not make Catherine undergo a sudden conversion attests to his artistic integrity. He understands that the gap between petty-bourgeois rebellion and thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit cannot be bridged by means of the 'happy reunion of lovers.' But, even after she has left Victor, a slow seething process goes on in Catherine's mind, leading her to the one true path. Prison plays a decisive rôle; there she makes the acquaintance of the prisoners,—prostitutes and workers,—and there she sees 'all the sin and all the greatness of human beings.' 'She knows the fate of woman now, she knows that in the final analysis there are two sorts of women. She herself belongs to the world of parasitism and prostitution; the world of labor opens wide before her.' And here ends Catherine's story in the first part of this epic.

IV

Politics enter the book in many different ways, and the author's presentation of political situations is unusually keen. The people of the bourgeois world, Diana's world, take an active part in politics, but the rôle they play is secret. Though the author gives us many hints about the political activity of this class, the time has not yet come for a complete revelation: that is to be the subject of later novels. For the proletariat, on the other hand, for the workers, life and politics are one and the same thing. The chauffeurs' strike, one of the most powerful episodes in the book, is closely connected with the workers' personal lives and with the class policy of their leaders—their speeches and articles. All the political problems that concern the working class occupy the same place in the novel that they would naturally hold in the lives of active workers.

Aragon's *Les Cloches de Bâle* enriches our understanding of the French labor movement on the eve of 1914. Lenin's correct policy is tragically absent from French socialism; from the arguments about sabotage, which do not give the workers an opportunity to discover the right path between anarchy and reformism; from the figure of Jaurès, who combined elemental socialistic honesty with the fatal burden of petty-bourgeois republicanism. Jaurès, who appears in the third section as part of the historical background, becomes an active character in the fourth part. At the Basel Congress he unwillingly becomes involved in conversations with M. Brunel. When Diana's husband's career as a usurer ends, he becomes a high-class spy, and his first step is to establish a personal friendship with the leader of French socialism. Brunel's career as a spy reveals the political activities that members of Diana's world prefer. Succeeding volumes will tell us more about these people.

Essentially, the fourth section is Clara's story, but it is not told in terms of Clara Zetkin, for it is an artistic and journalistic disclosure of the true meaning and significance of the Basel Congress, at which representatives of Social Democracy from all over the world assembled. Hence the title of the book, *Les Cloches de Bâle*, for the bells of the Basel churches

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in December, 1912, greeted the opening of the Congress, which took place in the monastery that the Bishop of Basel generously put at the disposal of the Socialist International. These bells symbolize the opportunistic degeneracy of Menshevism, which was already forming an alliance with the bourgeois powers, and also sound the tocsin announcing the first round of the Imperialist War and the proletarian revolution.

The various methods used to bring politics into the novel become particularly noticeable in the fourth part. And these methods form one of the most interesting aspects of Aragon's novel. He fearlessly injects purely journalistic terms and expresses a direct opinion concerning the actions of his characters. He introduces historical events and speeches, regardless of their relation to the separate threads of the story, and subordinates them to the general plan. At the same time, Aragon places his characters in the concrete political setting of the particular month and year. The experiment performed in *Les Cloches de Bâle* should have great significance for the development of the Soviet political novel.

Aragon's style is extremely interesting and is characterized by three qualities—simplicity, which makes the book accessible to the average reader, the use of everyday spoken language, which in France is so different from written language, and the almost complete absence of so-called picturesqueness. In his preference for spoken, in contrast to written, speech, Aragon resembles Louis-Ferdinand Céline. But the differences between the authors of *Les Cloches de Bâle* and *Voyage au bout de la nuit* are far deeper than their similarity. Céline, the degenerate nihilist, is socially orientated toward the parasitical outcasts of the capitalist world, and the language he uses is therefore the language of thieves, pimps, and prostitutes, which undergoes a certain formalistic transformation, thereby receding still further from normal speech. Aragon's language is the speech of a democratic intellectual or an educated worker. It is used by all and can be understood by all. It is free from pedantry, from literary pretentiousness, and from the casualness of small-talk. The closest analogy in Russian to Aragon's language—making due allowances for the social differences involved—is the language used by Pushkin in his letters.

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BOOKS ABROAD

British Documents on the Origin of the War, 1895–1914. *Edited by G. P. Gooch, D.Lit., and Harold Temperley, Litt.D. Vol. IX. London: H. M. Stationery Office. 1935.*

(J. L. Hammond in the *Observer*, London)

NO VOLUME in the series to which this book belongs brings home more directly to the reader the sense of his debt to the editors. The task of sorting, arranging, organizing, and editing a vast mass of documents covering twenty years of great moment in the history of Europe demands the highest of the historian's qualities, and students will long have reason to be grateful for the care, and skill, and profound knowledge with which Dr. Gooch and Dr. Temperley have done their work. Their gifts have never been displayed to greater advantage than in this new volume.

A man need not be a close student of diplomacy to find this an exciting and absorbing book. The story of the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, their surprises and heroisms, their treacheries and tragedies, would hold the attention if they were an isolated episode in the history of Europe. But behind the scenes stand two Great Powers, who use these little states as pawns in a great game of life and death, as Rome and Carthage once used in a similar game of life and death the Greek cities of Sicily. And, as this game brought Europe to ruin eighteen months later, there is an uncommon fascination in watching in these pages the play of the passions that were to wreck Europe, to see into the minds of the actors who caused that wreck and went to the bottom when it came, and to note by what methods and what accidents that wreck was averted in 1913.

If a man put down this volume knowing nothing of what had happened afterward, he would close his reading with one solid ground for hope. After all, he would reflect, all this warfare, which lasted from October, 1912, to August, 1913, which involved five Balkan states and Turkey, in which ally turned against ally and perfidy sharpened that hatred between Christians, which was so much fiercer than the mutual hatred of Christian and Moslem, all this warfare had come to its bitter end without bringing Austria and Russia into open conflict. That was an immense fact, and the method by which peace had been kept added immensely to its significance. 'During the Balkan Wars,' say the editors, 'the concert of Europe became a real thing. It failed to prevent the smaller Powers from going to war; it succeeded in making peace possible between the Great Powers. Austria-Hungary and Russia were too acutely affected by the changes in the balance of power to take up a neutral attitude. Italy was affected by her recent war with Turkey. But France, Germany, and Great Britain were able to take a detached view and to exercise a strong and successful influence in favor of peace. For once Europe was a reality.' If the reader happened to be an Englishman, he would have reason not only for confidence but for pride, because the

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chief credit for this result was by general admission due to Sir Edward Grey.

Yet a closer study of the volume would have shaken this first mood of confidence. It was true that the Six Powers kept the peace, but it was equally true that all the elements of disturbance remained. We see in these pages what Russia thought about the future of Austria-Hungary and what Austria thought about the future of Russia. In April, 1913, Buchanan, our ambassador in Russia, reported a conversation with the Tsar:—

'His Majesty apparently believes that the disintegration of the Austrian Empire is merely a question of time. He spoke of the day when we should see a Kingdom of Hungary and a Kingdom of Bohemia, while the southern Slavs might be absorbed by Serbia, the Rumanians of Transylvania by Rumania, and the German provinces incorporated in the German Empire.'

Austria was naturally aware of the disruptive forces that threatened her stability.

In May, 1913, Cartwright, our ambassador at Vienna, wrote:—

'As soon as peace is restored in the Balkans, the Austrian authorities anticipate that Serbia will begin a far-reaching agitation in the Serb-inhabited districts of the Dual Monarchy, and, as this country cannot allow any dismemberment of her provinces without incurring the danger of the whole edifice crumbling down, we have all the elements in the near future of another violent crisis in this part of the world, which may not unlikely end in the final annexation of Serbia by the Dual Monarchy. That, however, will lead to a war with Russia and possibly to a general conflict in Europe. From German sources I hear that this question of the southern Slavs is causing much anxiety to the authorities at Berlin, for they realize that Germany must help the non-Slav elements in this country in the struggle to maintain the supremacy at least over the southern Slavs.'

Messages from Belgrade show that the same expectation—that Austria-Hungary could be broken up by a Serb agitation—prevailed in that city. On December 21, 1912, Paget, our Minister there, reported that the Serbian Foreign Minister and the Russian Minister at Belgrade both said to him that the Austrian Slav provinces had become more and more disaffected since the Serbian victories and that they were now ripe for open revolt in the event of war between Austria and Serbia. Thus we have Russia and Serbia expecting, and Austria dreading, the break-up of Austria-Hungary.

BUT there is one more element to take into account. If Russia thought Austria so vulnerable politically, Austria held much the same view of Russia; indeed, Austria was as successful in predicting the fate of the Tsardom as Russia in predicting the fate of the Dual Monarchy. On November 22, 1912, Cartwright wrote in the course of a long letter to Nicolson:—

'In Vienna they are firmly convinced that Russian Poland will rise against Russia as soon as the Austrian army penetrates into that country, which, like Russia proper, is infected with a revolutionary spirit. If, by any chance, the misfortune should happen that the Tsar be assassinated, I have heard competent people here declare that in that case we may witness the

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collapse of the Government of Russia and perhaps see a republic proclaimed there, for the revolutionaries are said to be more eager to upset the autocratic Government in Russia than to beat the Austrians.'

It is curious to reflect that Grey thought he had made a good point in July, 1914, in warning Austria that a great war would bring revolution everywhere, not knowing or remembering that a Polish leader had told Nicolson that Austria was fomenting revolution in Poland in 1913. The weapon with which Grey threatened her was a weapon she meant to use.

As a commentary on Grey's actions in July, 1914, this volume is of great importance. It may well be argued that a man more susceptible to atmosphere would have seen at once that in this inflammable world such a shock as the Sarajevo assassination must lead to war unless some miracle happened and that Grey was too slow to grasp the full extent of the danger. On the other hand, this volume shows clearly enough why Grey hesitated to threaten Austria and Germany. It is often said now that if he had told Germany and Austria early in the proceedings that the British Government would enter the war if it came, he would have saved the peace of the world. On a hypothesis like this, argument may go on indefinitely. But these pages show clearly why Grey did not take that view. For he had kept the peace in 1913 by just the opposite method. Both Russia and France sounded him at that time, and it is plain that, if Russia had had the slightest encouragement, war would have come then. He had kept the peace by joining with Germany in restraining Russia and Austria-Hungary. And, if Germany had coöperated with Grey at that time in averting war, Russia had given him every reason for mistrusting both her judgment and her temper; Sazonov, the Minister most friendly to Great Britain, changed his mind and his tone hour by hour, now threatening, now retreating. Nicolson minuted once: 'It is impossible to foresee from one day to another what M. Sazonov will do.' Grey was not a man whose mind moved rapidly from one view to another, and the impression that these events must have left on him was that there was great danger in encouraging Russia and considerable hope that Germany would act in 1914 as she had acted in 1913. About Russia he was clearly right. The fallacy in his reasoning about Germany is explained in Mr. Spender's illuminating volume, *Fifty Years of Europe*, for Mr. Spender shows from the Austrian documents that the Kaiser had by this time come around to the view of the Austrian military staff that a forcing policy was the solution of Austria's problems in southeastern Europe. Of this, Grey was, of course, unaware. Thus, the very success of the London Conference of 1913 was a source of danger, for it created a false confidence. War had been averted, and Europe breathed again. Grey let the London Conference break up in August, 1913, and trusted to his new effort to improve our relations with Germany for keeping the peace of the world. But the real danger was still in southeastern Europe, and with the London Conference there disappeared, as it proved, the last opportunity of composing or controlling that explosive world. So the historian may hold that the cause of peace was lost not in 1914

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but in 1913, not in the hour of Grey's disappointment but in the hour of his triumph.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER. *By V. S. Pritchett. London: Chatto and Windus. 1935.*

(Derek Verschoyle in the *Spectator*, London)

THERE are few memorable characters in modern fiction. The serious novel has been (and for the most part remains) straitjacketed in a demand for the presentation of actuality, and, even of those writers who have sought a release from the production of social documents, few have detached themselves sufficiently from their literary environment to move beyond the conception of character operative within it. The dominant idea has been the purely literal and physical, as opposed to the spiritual, idea of character, and the admired examples consequently those of Defoe and Thackeray; not those of Sterne or (to choose an illustration from abroad) of Tolstoi.

This is not to suggest that valuable and lasting work has not been done within the physical convention,—it is, after all, the way in which the English novel as a whole has mainly developed,—merely that the results of characterization on this plane necessarily appear restricted and obvious by comparison with those of the alternative method. One has only, for example, to confine illustration to the present century, to compare the characters of Mr. E. M. Forster, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, or Mr. William Plomer with those of Arnold Bennett, Mr. H. G. Wells, or Mr. Walpole to be aware of the disadvantages of the naturalistic method. The methods of the latter group, however, are the ones that—despite recurrent disclaimers—have been generally adopted by the present generation of novelists, and it is with a sense of relief and surprised delight at coming upon something rare that one finds in Mr. Pritchett a writer whose idea of character transcends the dismemberment of personality and the skillful photography of its constituent parts and reveals a genuinely spiritual apprehension.

The central character of his new book is, I am convinced, one of the few really memorable creations in modern fiction. Mathew Burkle was the son of a village schoolmaster, who rebelled young against the stupid violence of his father's authority and ran away from home. He found his niche in a provincial tannery, where he became on friendly terms with his employer, Geoffrey Chappleman, and involved himself in a romantic admiration of Chappleman's cousin, Henrietta. Ability and good fortune brought him positions of increasing importance and responsibility in the tannery. As soon as he felt himself indispensable and secure, he married the daughter of the local photographer and, his ambitions quickly expanding with his income, regretted doing so whenever his imagination subsequently suggested a more advantageous match. Neither Newly nor a subordinate position could hold him for long, and, when Chappleman's health made him retire from the tannery and Henrietta took it over herself, he persuaded her to buy him a factory in London, which he could work in conjunction with the tannery.

Both the tannery and the London factory are brilliantly described, and the subsidiary characters whose lives

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there are linked with Burkle's are subtly and sensitively presented. As soon as the London factory is well in running order, the Great War arrives to help swell Burkle's profits, and the most vivid and moving part of the book is the picture of him from this time on as the despot of the London factory: in essence, a mean and petty little man, conscientious to the point of fanaticism in his work and becoming increasingly arrogant with success, autocratic and egotistic in his private life, with complicated jealousies and reliances and simple acquisitive ambitions —and always with something ridiculous and pathetic about his life as there is about his death. Everything essential about him is exposed. Events do not merely happen to him or around him, they happen within him. The character dilates in the mind, but, owing to the plane on which it is conceived, we are spared the disillusioning sight of the devices of naturalistic method.

The presentation of this character seems to me almost beyond praise. It is built up from innumerable varied incidents within the book's three main interrelated themes—each of them admirably realized: Burkle's business career, his relationship with Henrietta and her family, and his relationship with his wife. Many small episodes could be detached for special praise, for Mr. Pritchett has no superior in the ability to convey a scene in a few short sentences, but it would be merely willful to praise paragraphs in a book with the scope of this one, which impresses above all by its completeness. It is, as contemporary novels go, a long book, but there is nowhere any sense of waste; every detail is relevant to the theme. Mr. Pritchett on completing this book must have experienced the rare pleasure of knowing that he had, as nearly as a human being can, achieved the immensely difficult task he had set himself. It is by far his best as it is by far his most ambitious book and, if it receives its merits, will greatly increase a reputation that is already considerable and has been gradually and honestly earned.

HOMMES DE BONNE VOLONTÉ: *Recherche d'une église; Province. By Jules Romains. Paris: Flammarion. 1934.*

(Martin Maurice in *Lumière*, Paris)

WHEN an author produces an entirely successful book, he awakens in his readers—and, of course, in his fellow writers—a feeling of unadulterated joy. But the critic's gladness is tempered by the difficulty of the task that confronts him, for books in which the good and the bad are about equally balanced offer far more fertile soil for the commentator. A worthless book deserves nothing but silence, and, even if one makes up one's mind to destroy it for reasons of wholesomeness and justice, the effort leaves a rather pathetic residue. Likewise, when one takes up one's pen to convince people whom one has every reason to believe endowed with sight that beauty is beauty, is one not pouring water into the river or, as the English say, bringing coal to Newcastle?

The great hopes aroused by the first volumes of *Men of Good Will* have been subsequently gratified. The seventh and eighth volumes, which M. Romains publishes to-day, assume the rank that we expected of them. The Jallez-Jerphanion group, which

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holds such great promise, once again occupies a leading position. But the scene is no longer the École Normale with its intellectual ferment. The young men hear the rustle of the world about them. Jerphanion crystallizes his unrest in a profound desire for communion with his fellow men. What will this 'church' be whose call he is so anxiously awaiting? A religion? A political party? Attracted and repelled by one and the other, he considers free-masonry for a moment. Then follows an inquiry, difficult for a man working alone, into this 'secret society,' its reality, its legends, its true significance. And this is indeed a golden subject for a writer who likes to study all the aspects of a problem and all the possible solutions to an enigma. Jerphanion confronting free-masonry is somewhat like Quinette before the police, though on a higher plane. The picture lacks nothing of what an impartial intelligence can gather from externals concerning the construction of the temple—it includes everything, from the apostate who exposes the motive behind his apostasy to the philosophic mason whose vision pierces the mysteries of past centuries, so much so that the impatient Jerphanion considers him out of date.

We should recall that this is the time when several minds, peering into the immediate future, detect the approach of war. The preludes to what will perhaps develop into a great symphony shed a brilliant light over the pages of Volumes VII and VIII. But, for the time being, more commonplace worries draw Jerphanion away from his care for humanity. His pupil's father, M. de Saint-Papoul, takes Jerphanion to Bergerac, where Saint-Papoul is a candidate at the general elections of 1910. This transition takes us to a provincial milieu.

While Jerphanion, armed with a sense of humor, has plunged into an interlude of active life, Jallez's experience has been confined to the closed world of love. His relations with Juliette have taken a tragic turn. When he left her, she was unmarried; when he returns, she tells him nothing about her husband until he suddenly appears. After the drama is over, Jallez feels utterly degraded or, at any rate, encroached upon by the persistence of a love in which he has felt 'the breath of the abyss.'

On the other hand, Germaine Baader, the actress, has left Gurau, who has finally been appointed Minister, and is now the mistress of the playwright, Henry Mareil, with whom she spends an evening at Celle-les-Eaux, the resort popularized by Haverkamp. Thus, three trains of thought suggest Quinette, for the papers have announced that the concierge of no. 142-bis Faubourg Saint-Denis has not been seen for several months.

We mention these references not so much to analyze the book—although the formula, 'such a book cannot be analyzed,' has been overdone—as to suggest the manner in which the universe of *Men of Good Will* remains an orderly creation. Of course, there are many characters who, once sketched and projected on our screen of vision, will disappear forever. But the danger of arbitrary and random selection is removed by the coherence and the ideal equilibrium among the different groups.

Moreover, we should repeat at this point what was said about the preceding volumes: no matter how cap-

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tivating an episode may be in itself, one should project it into a general setting, the outlines of which one can only vaguely suspect. Otherwise one might make an optical error. At any rate, it would be a mistake to believe that, when the author had laid the foundation for his work, he took the privilege of going at random in all directions.

But, when all this is said, nothing is really said, for the beauty of this work lies in the execution. The chapter entitled '*Pulsation de Juillet*,' about Paris in the summertime, is a worthy counterpart to '*Presentation de Paris à cinq heures du soir*,' on October 6. Turn the page, and you come to a lengthy letter by Jerphanion to a pal of his from the École Normale. Open Abbé Mionnet's notebook, and you find the typed confession of an old maid, one of his penitents. And now let us stop at the secluded château where Saint-Papoul, the squire, inhales with delight thé good, morning freshness of his lands. At that very moment, Jallez, a poet in love, tortured by infinity, drowns human glory in the immensity of the stars. Everywhere, in the infinite variety of tone, we find the writer's prime quality, which is to animate matter with spirit.

LA FIN DE LA NUIT. *By François Mauriac. Paris: Grasset. 1935.*

(Ramon Fernandez in *Marianne*, Paris)

THÉRÈSE DESQUEYROUX, the fatal Thérèse, who, having tried to poison her husband, was thrown out on the streets of Paris by an outraged family though she was well provided for, Thérèse Desqueyroux has grown fifteen years older in *The End of the Night*. Established in a mediocre Paris apartment, she is ruminating on her solitude without enjoying it. It is less her criminal act that haunts her, although it encloses her like a prison, than the horrible void of a life made up of anonymous pleasures spent between hotel rooms with one other person to break her solitude and the noisy desert of the cafés. Yet she is prudent even in her despair. A serious heart ailment threatens her. Thérèse Desqueyroux does not smoke and hardly drinks anything. She is so afraid of being alone that she trembles when the hour of ten arrives in the evening and she can no longer hear the noise Anna makes in the kitchen.

A bell rings in the night. It is Marie, Thérèse's daughter, who has escaped the family jail for a few hours. This seventeen-year-old Marie is a woman impelled by a woman's instinct to that dubious, dishonored mother of hers. The man she loves, Georges Filhot, is in Paris studying law, and she vaguely counts on Thérèse's support. Since she is soliciting Thérèse as a woman, it is to the woman, not to the mother, that she addresses herself. Then comes a scene of cruel excellence, treated with the hand of a master, in which Thérèse wins Marie's daughterly tenderness only in exchange for promising to bring the very experience that dishonored her to the assistance of the girl's passion.

Perhaps you have guessed what follows. Thérèse intercedes with Georges for her daughter and insensibly glides into the two young people's lives. If a boy of twenty-two is rather weak, sensitive, easily loved, and full of confused aspirations, he will often prefer the skilled and troubling charm

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of a woman of forty-five to that of her daughter of seventeen. Thérèse dazzles Georges, who presently tells her that he cannot live without her. The joy of being loved is so completely balanced by her weariness with life that Thérèse has the courage to refuse Georges. In a series of slow, knowing scenes, she repulses the young man and leaves a profound mark upon him.

Thérèse's dangerous negotiations have thrown her back into that life of passion, for which she was made but which ruins her. Georges's feigned suicide, a dispute with a friend of the young man who reproaches her and her coquetry drive her to distraction. Overcome by a persecution mania she sees conspirators and detectives everywhere. Her daughter removes her from this hell and takes her to the Landes. There, Thérèse again finds the house where she used to meditate on suicide and where she is to die. Being condemned, she has only two desires left—to unite Marie and Georges and to keep her little servant Anna with her to the end of her life, which for her will be the end of the night.

Here, I believe, is the first novel by M. Mauriac in which most of the action occurs in Paris. Usually, his Parisian scenes are shorter than the scenes in the Landes and serve chiefly to set the provincial drama in relief. That is why *The End of the Night* unquestionably has less color than the *Nœud de Vipères* or the *Désert de l'Amour*. The dialogue between the characters no longer changes with the setting. The climate of Paris does not inspire M. Mauriac as the warmth and wind in the pine trees do. Here the novel both gains and loses something. Less feverish, less hasty, the action takes place against a neutral background and may be said to 'depoetize' itself. Only the characters count, their movements, their thoughts, their long-prepared words. *The End of the Night* has none of those rather short scenes, those painful dialogues in which M. Mauriac used to be at his best.

The End of the Night possesses remarkable psychological density. The author's attention to accuracy, to subordinating the effect to the nuance, to avoiding those dramatic 'couplets' that the novelist has such difficulty in resisting give constant pleasure. And it was not an easy task. In this novel M. Mauriac confines himself to emphasizing what might be called the æsthetics of the 'presence.' The action is broken up into scenes like a play, and the thoughts and memories of the characters as well as the comments of the author are woven in between the dialogues.

This inevitably produces a long-drawn-out effect, but the dialogue gains a kind of maturity in consequence. There is nothing more interesting than the way M. Mauriac establishes such delicate connections between story-telling and playwriting. Perhaps he has gone beyond the style he used to practise at a time when his stories were more hurried and less mature, and the result is a little awkward. I therefore regret all the more that M. Mauriac thought it necessary to end his novel with these theatrical remarks, 'I await the end of life,' says Thérèse to Georges. 'You mean the end of the night?' And so on. It was quite useless.

M. Mauriac is both a Christian novelist and a novel-writing Christian. The title of his book and a hasty

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reading of a few pages of a review gave rise to unfounded fears in me. I believed that sin-laden Thérèse was going to die in a state of grace, but M. Mauriac is too aware of the complexities of one human life and of the secret laws of duration to borrow the tricks of a Paul Bourget. He excuses himself in a rather singular preface, which does honor to his scruples as a Christian and to his qualities as a novelist.

'Why,' he writes, 'interrupt this story shortly before Thérèse is pardoned and tastes the peace of God? The truth is, I wrote these consoling pages and then tore them up. I did not *see* the priest who should have received Thérèse's confession. At Rome I discovered that priest.'

Thus Thérèse has luck. But M. Mauriac reassures himself in every way. Like all his characters, Thérèse can taste full happiness only in the peace of God. The author might be reproached with being too much of a Jansenist and with doing the Creator a disservice by offering such a sad picture of his creatures.

I have too often expressed my opinion of M. Mauriac's philosophy to return to it at length. Briefly, I believe that his apologetics are feeble because they rest on a very penetrating but too limited view of the nature of passion. People with a different experience of life from M. Mauriac's are inclined to believe that revelation holds good only for certain individuals, which would be heretical and absurd. And yet, how much I prefer the view of an English novelist, the profound and delicious E. M. Forster, who would apply this principle marvelously to M. Mauriac's characters. 'They sinned against Eros and Pallas Athene. Not through any intervention from above but in the ordinary course of nature these allied gods will be avenged.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Ehrenburg Flays the Percheron

So SKILLFUL have we become in separating the wheat from the chaff that in translating Maurice Percheron's article on 'Russia in Asia'—see the January issue of The Living Age—we carefully omitted the more doubtful passages. And luckily indeed, for Ilya Ehrenburg came down on M. Percheron's inaccuracies with a hard and swift hand. In a letter to the *Journal de Moscou*, a French daily published in Moscow, Ehrenburg remarks that nothing could be further from his mind than an argument with M. Percheron on political ground; some people like the U. S. S. R. and others don't—it's purely a matter of taste. But the writer of the letter does wish that the enemies of the Soviet would acquire some knowledge of their subject before writing long articles about it.

For instance, M. Percheron casually notes in passing that serfdom was abolished by Alexander I, who unfortunately —for M. Percheron—died in 1824. Serfdom, however, did not meet its end till 1861—some thirty-seven years after Alexander I's death. On the same page M. Percheron speaks of three great Russian writers—Pushkin, Turgeniev, and 'Tchebeloff.' It would have been all right had not M. Percheron referred elsewhere in his article to the ignorance of Soviet youth. Ehrenburg points out that he himself is no longer so young, being forty-three years of age and a member of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia, that he is a professional writer, but that he has never heard of the great Russian writer Tchebeloff. Nor did Ehrenburg condemn the French journalist untried. Having found elsewhere in his article the theatrical director Stanislavsky rebaptized as 'Stalinski,'—no doubt in honor of the leader he serves,—Ehrenburg took the name of Tchebeloff apart and rearranged the letters in a dozen different ways. But luck was not on his side. Tchebeloff remained just Tchebeloff—and not a Russian writer.

On page 16 of M. Percheron's report we see a photograph bearing the following caption: 'False passport under the name of Ivanov, with which Lenin returned to Russia in 1918.' Before reading M. Percheron's article, Ilya Ehrenburg had always thought that the Russian Revolution took place in 1917 and that Lenin was its leader. Now he must suppose that Lenin sneaked in to celebrate the first birthday of the Revolution. The fact is, however, that Lenin returned in the spring of 1917 via Germany under his own name on the famous 'sealed train.'

Our readers will notice that the preceding paragraphs introduce material that we fortunately omitted from our January issue. We did, however, reproduce one statement that Ilya Ehrenburg attacks. We therefore feel that we should quote his refutation in full:—

'M. Percheron declares that the Soviet Union has colonies—the Ukraine and Armenia, for instance. Far be it from me to discuss this subject with M. Percheron. Mr. Alfred Rosenberg also thinks that the Ukraine is a Soviet colony, which the Germans must free from Soviet oppression; Mr. Rosenberg also declares that Alsace and Brittany are French colonies. But the most extraordinary thing in M. Percheron's disclosure is the division he makes between the oppressed and the oppressors. On p. 85 he says: "The colonizers are Greater Russia and White Russia." So far as we know White Russia is one of the smaller Soviet republics. Minsk, its capital, is not a large city; its cultural possibilities still leave much to be desired. It is therefore quite inexplicable why M. Percheron endows the inhabitants

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of Minsk with the rôle of colonizing the Ukraine and Armenia.

'I have compared M. Percheron's and Mr. Rosenberg's ideas, but I must admit that Mr. Rosenberg never claimed that the French and the Basques united to oppress the people of Brittany. It merely proves that Mr. Rosenberg lacks the poetic gifts that elevate M. Percheron above the common run of men. Taking these gifts into account, I am no longer surprised at the remarkable statements one meets with on every page of *Document*. Members of a kolkhoz, coöperative farm, do not receive salaries since they share in the profits. But M. Percheron announces that the Government has cut wages in the kolkhoz. He says that besides the kolkhoz there is the "Toz"—a completely unknown institution in our country. He says that "the peasants' huts have given way to cubist architecture," although there never were any peasants' huts in the towns any more than there is cubist architecture in the villages of 1935.

'The magazine that publishes these poetic discoveries goes by the modest name of *Document*. It is possible, in view of my Soviet ignorance and my uncertain knowledge of French that I misunderstand what the word "*document*" means. Perhaps it means fiction, dream, poetry. In that case I apologize for the uselessness of this letter.'

No More Wars

ON DECEMBER 13, 1934, the French *Journal des Nations* published a dramatic sketch satirizing the next war. The first scene shows the Civilian Colonel coming home and announcing the mobilization. 'Has war been declared?' his wife cries. 'No,' the Civilian Colonel replies, 'it's worse than that: war has not been declared . . . War has been declared undeclared.' The Colonel's Manly Son says that he will enlist in the army although he is too young to be conscripted. 'What,' the Colonel cries, 'is my son a coward? Will he seek the security of the front when so much depends on the effective resistance of the civilian population?' The Manly Son decides to please his father, and the whole family gather their most needed goods and chattels for a prolonged hibernation in the subway.

The second scene introduces the War Ministry at a crisis. The Minister for Poisoning calls the meeting to order. The Field Marshal of Gases gives a favorable report; the Minister of Prolonged Epidemics says that all is in order; the General of Microbes proudly announces that the morale of his microbe battalions leaves nothing to be desired and that the bubonic plague and sleeping sickness germs show remarkable vigor. The Minister of Prolonged Epidemics, however, is full of misgivings, for he has heard that the enemy organized an official all-microbe parade. But the General assures him that they have no reason to envy their opponents: their own microbes marched to the rhythm of the 'Marseillaise.' At this point the Minister for Passive Defense makes a long speech, which is followed by a declaration from the Admiral of Gertsel waves, which can set up a barrage that will make any city absolutely bomb-proof. The War Minister utters a few humble words about soldiers and trenches and such antiquated appurtenances, but he is immediately squelched. How presumptuous for the War Minister to have anything to say in the matter of war!

A week later the Civilian Colonel and his family return to their apartment. The enemy's attack has proved a total dud, and the family are wondering whether their own esquadrilles have had any better luck in bombing the enemy's capital. The Manly Son rushes in brandishing a newspaper, which says that due to an invention strangely similar to Gertsel's waves the attempts of the French planes to bomb the enemy's capital have been fruitless in spite of many valiant attempts.

The fourth scene takes place at the front. The commanders of both armies

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have decided to confer about a situation that threatens to humiliate all involved. The French General finally has an idea—could n't the opposing parties have recourse to their armies? Brilliant! Wild applause follows. The problem seems definitely solved when the man who suggested the plan remarks that even this path is beset with difficulties, for modern inventions—may they all perish!—have so strengthened the defensive powers of the army that it is immobilized in the trenches. At this point the French commanding officer suggests that the war be fought with sword and spear. 'But that's dangerous!' the opposing Marshal cries. 'That's bloody! That means going back to barbarous methods of warfare. On the other hand, so long as the civilian population has not lived up to all expectations, there is no other way out.' Everyone sighs, the Frenchman most deeply of all. But his Gallic humor gets the best of him. 'After all,' he murmurs, 'war is war . . .'

The last two scenes tell the story of how the League of Nations appeased the contestants with sleeping potions—reminiscent of Mr. Ward's suggestion in the February issue of THE LIVING AGE that the warring armies discharge blank cartridges and spend the time between campaigns drinking tea at Geneva.

Curiously enough, on December 12, 1934 *Punch* of London published a similar sketch on the war of 2034. By then aërial warfare has become antiquated, and a new invention that can hurl bombs from Paris directly to London or Berlin has taken its place. The disarmament question is still very much to the fore. There are two groups: those that favor bigger and better armament and those that demand total disarmament. Whenever the Government builds one of the new bomb-hurlers,—2034 model,—the first group is so jubilant that England's enemies grow suspicious, and the second group wails so loudly that the suspicion is immediately confirmed. The result is, of course, that war grows more menacing every day. But the Defense Minister has an idea. He has given up all hope of protecting the civilian population; instead, he has rationalized the funeral industry. He has built bomb-proof graveyards; he has ordered forty million coffins, which are kept in bomb-proof warehouses; he has set up battalions of armed transport cars to carry the coffins. 'But wait a bit,' the Prime Minister interrupts, 'your plan sounds grand to me, but who is going to operate the cars and dig the graves when the population has been destroyed?' The Minister thinks a minute and then replies, 'After all, you can't expect me to foresee all eventualities down to the minutest details.'

Perhaps we in this country have become so dulled by obviousness that we fail to appreciate *Punch's* humor. At any rate, we should be inclined to find the English sketch less amusing than the French. But a writer who translated both stories for *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee, was indignant that anyone could be flippant about so holy a subject as war. He very aptly called the whole thing 'Humor of the Gallows' and instead of an epilogue composed the following interview between the editor of *Punch* and the editor of the *Journal des Nations:*—

'The French Journalist: My dear colleague, last December 12 you published a sketch on the future war. On December 13, the French *Journal des Nations* published a sketch on the same theme. I hope you don't suspect us of plagiarism?

'The English Journalist: But, my dear colleague, our conclusions are entirely different. Our writer showed how technical developments would make the next war fatal to all mankind; your writer, on the other hand, explained that these same technical developments would make war impossible.

'The French Journalist: And yet we said one and the same thing.

'The English Journalist: I don't understand what you mean.

'The French Journalist: Our sketch

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aims to tell the reader that war is impossible.

'The Englishman: But that is just what *Punch* is saying, for a war that requires in one country forty million graves protected by armor plate is impossible.

'The Frenchman: What did I tell you? Note that our article is called "The Impossible War."

'The Englishman: I begin to understand you. The basis for the two sketches is likewise identical. They both start from the idea that in the next war the civilian population will be sacrificed and that there will be no difference between the front and the rear.

'The Frenchman: Both our general staffs agree on this point.

'The Englishman: In other words, our two seemingly divergent articles prove the same thing: that the war the general staffs of both countries are preparing is fantastically impossible.

'The Frenchman: Do you really think so?

'The Englishman: No, but that's what the masses of readers are supposed to think. These poor fools have to be vaccinated with blindness so that they will not go completely mad.

'The Frenchman: Thus, by different methods that at first glance look like opposing methods, we both tell the reader the same thing: the next war would be too terrible a crime; it can never become a reality.

'The Englishman: We think alike but act differently: that's what it means to belong to the same civilization. But, tell me, why has n't anyone written a fantastic sketch showing the results of the next war?

'The Frenchman: You're joking! The last scene would have to portray the revolution.

'The Englishman: And that is n't a bit funny.'

(The two journalists stroll off. In their place appears the ghost of a pre-war publicist.)

'The Ghost: Just think . . . only a few decades ago we used to talk this kind of nonsense. We, too, told the reader that war was impossible; we, too, were afraid to think our thoughts to the end. But they have seen the October Revolution . . . they should know better . . . the poor fools.'

(He sighs deeply and sits down to write a series of articles for various European papers on the impossibility of the next war.)

Old Jokes and New

A WRITER on the staff of the *New Statesman and Nation* has from time to time given specimens of the jokes that take the place of political criticism under a dictatorship. The recent additions to his collection are particularly delightful. Witness this about a well-known Munich actor, who amused his audiences by making fun of the luxurious habits of Nazi leaders:—

'"Extraordinary," he used to say, "but I saw a Rolls-Royce yesterday, and do you know there was not a Nazi in it?"

'This joke led to his temporary suspension from the stage. But the authorities were induced to allow him to play again on condition that he apologized. So he came on the stage and said:—

'"Friends, I have done wrong. I said last time that I had seen a Rolls-Royce and there was not a Nazi in it. I want to take that back. There *was* a Nazi in it."'

The Vienna Government is said to have issued the following proclamation:—

'Whoever assassinates Major Fey will be punished with ten years' imprisonment and a 1,000-schilling fine. For assassinating Prince Starhemberg, the punishment will be fifteen years' imprisonment and a 15,000-schilling fine. And to assassinate the President is absolutely forbidden.'

And the Muscovites, whom hard times have taught to remodel old clothes, revamped a joke that used to be told when monarchies were rife and the Lion was

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still King of the Beasts. The Ogpu has replaced the Lion in the modern version, but the story is the same—'for the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be':—

'An army of Russian mice were fleeing into Poland. "Why are you fleeing from Russia?" asked the Polish mice. "The Ogpu," replied the Russian mice, "gave orders yesterday for all the camels' tails to be cut off." "But you are not camels," protested the Polish mice. "True, but can this be explained to the Ogpu?"'

Proposed International Anthems

THE *Manchester Guardian* offered a first prize of two guineas and a second prize of one guinea for a verse of not more than ten lines to be sung by some international force such as the one in the Saar during the recent plebiscite. Many contestants were amazed that warring and suspicious nations should have progressed far enough to send an international force into the Saar and therefore lapsed into the high seriousness of the hymnbook. Noble thoughts were expressed: 'O Lord, who in Thine image didst create Mankind . . .', 'We heralds of His peace on earth, with God commanding . . .', 'O Thou who sent Thine only Son . . .'

Other thoughts were less noble:—

'From crisis, incident, surprise,
Keep Thou Thy servants clear;
Grant us to live with foes awhile
And friendly feelings feign;
Fix on our faces, Lord, a smile,
Till we may hate again.'

But, on the whole, the chances for satire were overlooked, and, with few exceptions, the contestants failed to see the humor of a multi-lingual army occupying foreign territory—with strictly peaceful intent. Only one entry—the *Manchester Guardian* tells us—caught this spirit:—

'Not for us, the field of battle!
'T is our purpose to patrol:
Truncheon-like our sabres rattle,
In this pleasant field of coal!
We may raise a martial banner,
Yet we come to keep the peace,
In a military manner—
Not as soldiers, but police!'

Written in similar vein, the following chorus from North Wales has the advantage of a martial, if somewhat choppy, rhythm:—

'Umpires of the League of Nations,
We enforce the regulations.
Men are brothers. War must cease.
Arbitration leads to Peace!'

The prize, however, went to W. Leslie Nicholls, who, in the judges' opinion, 'combined the merits of sound meaning with a singable form':—

'Devoted to a wider trust
Beyond our country's border,
Our arms shall fortify the Just
And strengthen Law and Order;
And, though in exile we regret
Our Holland or our Sweden,
We make our homeland sweeter yet
Who help to make Earth Eden.'

The second prize was awarded to A. H. Gray for a lighter poem entitled 'Knoxology.' Why it did n't get first prize we leave it to you to discover:—

'We are not "*über alles*";
We never voice a "*viva!*"
We're here because we're here because
They said so at Geneva.
We must be friends with Frenchmen,
Yet please the Prussian palate;
And so we have to watch our step—
We are the corps de ballot!'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

In Praise of American Movies

THE manners of Americans do not always meet with the approval of the British press, but an episode in that popular movie, *The Thin Man*, brought a letter of praise to Alistair Cooke of the *Listener*, weekly organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which he explains and quotes as follows:—

I am greatly indebted to one friendly correspondent who assures me he is 'a strongly traditional' and, I should add, an admirable Englishman. He points out in *The Thin Man* a merit I have seen or heard nobody else mention. Let me first remind you of the scene he is writing about. It is the one in which the wife (Myrna Loy) and her ex-detective husband are the hosts at a very rowdy and casual party, which includes detectives, a lawyer, a few journalists, a young university student, a few ex-convicts, a fashionable divorcée. There is a chorus of drunks limply conducting a carol with almost any article of fire-irons they can find. A fat man is howling for a long-distance call. There are three or four people chasing each other. You have to assume that at least a dozen wine glasses will be broken, tables scratched, that cigarettes will by this time be quietly punctuating the pattern of every strip of carpet, lace, and cushion in the room. The atmosphere is so compelling, in fact, that Myrna Loy is moved to fling her arms around her husband's neck and confess weakly, 'What I like about you, darling, is—you have such charming friends.'

Now this is what my correspondent says: 'However congenial or revolting the whole group seems to you personally, there is one astounding fact about that party. It is the way it is conducted. Can you think offhand of any English couple you know who, faced with that motley crew, would n't have given in, refused to serve people drinks, turned somebody out, felt their dignity wounded, or had a bitter quarrel about it afterward? On the contrary, the good temper, the easy flippancy, the quick, alert manners, the indifference to the good looks of their household, above all, the smooth indifference to this howling mix-up of social classes—all this was taken so much for granted that in the middle of laughing I nearly forgot to notice it. But now I should call it—and I'm choosing my words carefully—a quality of breeding that probably no other race possesses.'

Mr. Cooke goes on to point out some unsuspected virtues of American speech:—

I ask you when next you see an American movie to look on it as something entirely foreign and to like or dislike it by the standards it sets itself, not by ones you would apply to England and English people. And, when you hear an expression that seems a little odd to you, don't assume it was invented by a music-hall comedian trying to be smart. It was probably spoken by Lincoln or Paul Jones. Remember, even, if you had been living three hundred years ago, you might have used it. And, when you hear a strange pronunciation, remember you are not hearing a chaotic speech that anyone has deliberately changed. Suppose, say, it is Franchot Tone—you are hearing almost an historical voice. For, though it is the cultivated speech of a New England gentleman of 1935, it happens in essentials also to be the cultivated speech you would have heard in London over two hundred years ago. When you hear somebody call somebody else a 'stool-pigeon' don't think it's another word for idiot. A

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stool-pigeon is a profession as authentic, if not as respectable, as a solicitor or an insurance agent. Now suppose, you say, I should like to be able to understand better the American language, how can I go about it? Well, begin humbly by borrowing, buying, or sneaking—I nearly said 'snitching'—Mr. H. L. Mencken's classic and simple book called *The American Language*. And, when that has opened your eyes to the extent of a permanent goggle, see if this world of stooges, and hamburgers, and corn on the cob, of sophomores and hillbillies, where people go haywire and pass the buck, is n't a new and a more understandable place. I can promise you that if you then see again *The Thin Man* or *Blond Bombshell* you will have a new experience that, as the American cigarette advertisements say in their easy Elizabethan way, is an experience 'that will surely please.'

Moscow on Father Coughlin

V. ROMM, who has been describing American institutions to the readers of *Izvestia*, has recently written an analysis of Father Coughlin, in which he compares the Catholic priest to Gapon, the Greek Orthodox priest who offered to lead a group of workers to the Tsar's palace where they were to present their petition for reform. When the workers reached their destination, the Tsar's soldiers opened fire. Because Gapon was among the very few who were not killed, he seemed to have acted as an agent-provocateur and was killed a few years later by a Social Revolutionary. Here is Romm's interpretation of Father Coughlin as 'the American radio-Gapon':—

Father Coughlin is very 'radical.' He attacks Wall Street and the 'money-changers'; he backs Roosevelt but criticizes him from the 'Left.' He believes in inflation, the revaluation of silver, the payment of the bonus, the nationalization of wealth—along with the nationalization of men—in time of war, the nationalization of natural resources, banks, and so forth, the right of workers to bargain collectively, a minimum yearly wage, government control of credit, and so forth.

The Father is very energetic; he bubbles over with initiative. He has even taken up 'going to the people.' Last summer he doffed his clerical robes and, under an assumed name, set out across the country in order to become acquainted with 'conditions.' He tried to get money from the banks, he made his way into flop-houses, he took odd jobs. He even worked in a textile mill in the South, where he was paid $9 a week. At the end of his journey he came to the conclusion that discontent among the lower classes is growing principally on account of the wavering of the New Deal.

As a result of his experiences among the people the pastor began to radicalize and express the ideas we have outlined above. In a deep, well-modulated baritone he now demands that this situation be ended, 'in which we have two governments—one in Washington and one in Wall Street.' At the same time he thunders against corruption in the schools and demands that the teachings of Christ replace those of Freud and Marx. He has adopted the petty-bourgeois economic theory that production under the present system functions very well; distribution alone is at fault.

A short time ago Coughlin came to Washington where he was received by Morgenthau. He also conferred with Senator Thomas, head of the inflation bloc, for the Father is an important personage. He announced to the press that he means to get certain laws through Congress by means of his National Union for Social Justice.

In addition to his 'sixteen points' Father Coughlin also has 'seven principles,' which he expressed a few weeks ago over

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the radio. Here they are: the Government exists for the welfare of the people and not only for a certain class; the Government must regulate relations between people, in general, and between employers and employees, in particular; private property does not exclude the possibility of control and does not give rise to unlimited rights; fixed hourly wages should be replaced by fixed yearly wages; there should be coöperation and profit-sharing between workers and employers; the workers should have the power to vote in the administration of their plant; wages should not be so high as to exhaust the liquid capital of industry.

These 'seven principles,' which are somewhat clearer than the 'sixteen points,' explain why such monopolist concerns as Morgan; Kuhn, Loeb; Mellon; and others are willing to put the radio stations they control at the disposal of the 'radical' Father Coughlin. His Union for Social Justice is one of the reins by means of which the American bourgeoisie wants to lead the proletariat, which is vaguely discontented and unwilling to continue in the old way but still does not know what it really wants, to Fascism. And the paths that lead there are numerous in the U. S. A. to-day; their variety should satisfy all tastes, for they range from out-and-out Fascist organizations closely resembling German Nazism to a whole series of petty-bourgeois radical groups of every hue and color. Father Coughlin's movement is but one of the many paths to Fascism. The Catholic workers and small farmers form a considerable part of the population, and the Catholic Church in America has always played upon its outward democracy. In contrast to the old and reputable Protestant churches, the Catholic Church alone allows Negroes in its congregation and leaves the doors of its churches open all day, whether there is a service in progress or not. The usefulness of Father Coughlin lies in the fact that he is able to reach those layers of society that would not respond to traditional Puritan Americanism—first- and second-generation immigrants, for instance.

But, if we stop to consider the 'seven principles,' we immediately notice that we have heard these things before. For instance, the upper circles of the Administration expounded Coughlin's idea for an annual wage, and monopolist capital championed it as a very convenient method for lowering wages. As far as verbose thunderings against the money-changers are concerned, such things are not new. They have been said before—and by more important people than Father Coughlin. But thus far they have done no harm. The upper bourgeoisie understands the need for demagogy and knows that it must let men like Father Coughlin call it names. But are not these people underestimating what Lenin has called 'the awakening of the masses through Gapon's tricks'? Will the American Gapon, armed to the teeth with the inventions of American technique including the radio, prove more successful than his historic predecessor? Only time can answer that question.

The First American Ballet

SIEGFRIED WAGENER, special correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* in the United States, witnessed a performance of *Union Pacific*, the all-American ballet written by Archibald MacLeish and recently produced by the Monte Carlo Ballet troupe. He wrote up his impressions of the opening night in Philadelphia as follows:—

In these dreary times, when art is being thrown into the discard and paintings paid for at starvation wages decorate the bleak walls of the government buildings at Washington, it is as refreshing as a glacial wind on a midsummer day to find somewhere in the world a public that is not completely obsessed with economic worries attending a première and giving

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expression to its enthusiasm by standing on its chairs. This is what happened in Philadelphia when the dancer, Edward Borovanski, of the Monte Carlo Ballet, drove a golden nail into a railway tie with a silver hammer. It was the world première of the first American ballet produced by the school of the genius Serge Diaghilev, and it was entitled *Union Pacific*.

After describing the period depicted in the ballet, Herr Wagener goes on to discuss the performance itself:—

The ballet is full of satiric touches—for instance, in the first scene, when the tracks that the workers have made are represented by actual men and women dancers, thus suggesting that it cost many human lives to build the railway. The main scene is also completely realistic. It shows the big tent in which Mexican gamblers and prostitutes are dancing, and finally the Chinese and Irish gamblers engage in a general free-for-all to win the favors of the beautiful ladies. Though every scene is living, true, and brilliant, the ballet reaches its high point of dramatic expression when in the finale Chinese and Irish workers, coming from opposite directions, bring the two ends of the track together and the New York financiers in frock coats and top hats meet on the cowcatchers of the first locomotives and witness the ceremony of driving the last spike.

This production is an artistic event of the first importance to America because here, for the first time, a purely American theme has been thought out and presented in choreographic form and set to music. America itself does not yet possess the artists that are required to perform such a work, and it is therefore only natural that Russians should be responsible for the music and dancing. The thirty-one-year-old composer Nabokov wrote the music, and the thirty-six-year-old leader of the Russian ballet, Leonid Massine, made himself responsible for the choreography. Only the libretto by Archibald MacLeish, the scenery by Albert Johnson, and the costumes by Irene Sharaff are 'made in the U. S. A.' MacLeish's poem, *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City*, a satire on the much-derided Rockefeller city in New York, served as the basis of *Union Pacific*.

Some of the music takes the form of popular airs of the period such as *Oh Susanna*, *Jones's Band*, *Lady Be Gay*, and even the ancient *Yankee Doodle*. The orchestration has all the vigor and vitality suited to the theme; though Nabokov is a thoroughly modern composer, he knows how to use surprising and humorous snatches from familiar melodies and does not forget that the ear of music-loving America enjoys insinuating tonal effects. Even the dance has an American character. It is cleverly formed, stormy in its movement, and full of originality. Symbolism gives place to realism, and there is such a complete consciousness of style that the reality of the figures overshadows everything else.

Meanwhile *Union Pacific* has visited both Chicago and New York and is to have its first European performance in Paris. Whether Paris, the home of the traditional ballet, will care for the conscious vigor, the bright colors, the raw humor, and the breathless haste of this fast and first-class American ballet is a question that is difficult to answer from this side of the water.

Farewell, New York

THE emotions of a European about to quit the United States for his native shores have been well expressed by Manfred Hausmann, a German contributor to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in this description of what he saw and felt on the roof of a New York hotel the night before sailing for home:—

The hotel lay near Times Square and Eighth Avenue. As I stood on the roof

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and looked southeast all the mountainous skyscrapers of Manhattan by night confronted me, the wildest landscape in the world, no longer a city but a landscape with wind blowing over it. There were valleys lit with white light from below but with dark sides, from which red, blue, and violet colors emerged here and there, fading away into glittering dust. Misty lights shone high into the foggy air. Bare shafts of stone pierced the clouds with slowly rotating searchlights playing from them. Some of the stone eminences had golden cupolas; others shone with a reddish glow; and still others were made of nothing but vertical pillars of light. Fountains of light cascaded down gigantic pyramids.

This display was punctuated by writings in flame that seemed to hang in empty space. Pictures made of pearls appeared first here, then there, vanished, then reappeared, intermingled, filling the beholder with interest and irritation. One behind the other, they trailed off far into the distance until they vanished in the white, glimmering fog or lost themselves in the ocean of light on the horizon. And it was a real ocean of light, extending into infinity, moving in waves, rolling like breakers, while from below came an unending roar like the sea. Lighted ships seemed to be moving across this ocean. They were the elevated trains. But nowhere could a human being be seen.

I was the only creature with feeling and sight. Everything else steamed, glowed, howled, or roared of its own accord. It was New York; it was America; boundless, incomprehensible, wild, merciless. Ice-cold winds blew over it, and the huge clouds above had come from the snow-covered forests of Canada. I stood there feeling helpless and lost. The smell of the smoke from the near-by chimney drove me away, and I wedged myself behind a water tank.

Beside me rose the side of a hotel two stories higher than mine. The wind whistled past the tank. In spite of my thick overcoat I was freezing. All the windows of the near-by building were dark except one. Then this happened: two hands parted the yellow curtains that hung over the lighted window, and I saw a man in his shirtsleeves with shaving soap on his face. He raised the lower half of the window a little and then let the curtains fall back. Nothing more. But through the opened window came the low muffled noise of a radio. First, it sounded something like a tango, then there were some guttural English words, then a brief pause. What next?

A delicate beseeching melody, *assez doux, mais d'une sonorité large*. Involuntarily, I put my hand to my mouth. It was Maurice Ravel's *Pavane*, the gayest, saddest piece of music that Europe has produced in years. The *Pavane*. A little orchestra was playing it. The flute took up the opening theme, the cello joined, *un peu retenu*, and then two fiddles rose from the depths and sadly took their part in the melody. It was a dance loaded with memories of times gone by, a song foretelling the approaching end, sad as death yet smiling, first in G sharp, then changing to E flat, *très doux et très lié*. I still kept my hand to my mouth. My eyes surveyed the glowing city, but I was quite unaware of it. I heard only the music within. Once again the cello took up the sad refrain, once again I felt that I was listening to a song slowly, slowly singing of Europe, home, the silence of the centuries, memory, and decline. Then it ceased.

Quickly I went back to the door out of which I had come. I had almost broken into tears like an hysterical servant girl. But I felt that way because I had slept so little while traveling in America and because I had quite forgotten what it was like when a cello and a flute played together. It was marvelous in America. Never say anything against that wonderful country. But one must be born there in order to endure it. *Pavane* was the tune that the radio was playing on the hotel roof, *Pavane* for a dead infanta, for a dead princess. Farewell, New York!

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

'AGROBIOLOGY is the science of plant growth and yield in relation to the unit of land surface . . . The engineer can plan any sort of bridge by invoking the principles of physics, and the agrobiologist can plan any sort of crop by invoking the principles of agrobiology.'

The above words are taken from one of the most startling books on agricultural science published in this country in recent months. In *Reshaping Agriculture* (W. W. Norton & Co. $2.00) Dr. O. W. Willcox—writing merely as a scientist—gives us such a picture of what a really planned agriculture could be as to make all our boasted 'advances' in this field and all our New Deal projects seem the fumblings of primitive savages playing with tractors, combines, and airplanes. A few illustrations will suffice, not only to send many readers to the book itself for further enlightenment, but also to confirm the editorial position of THE LIVING AGE as to the immense significance of the applied sciences in the whole field of social problems.

The primary conception of agrobiology is that of the 'perultimate yield'—meaning the theoretical maximum yield of a given species of crop grown in accordance with the principles of cultivation (soil, irrigation, fertilizer, etc.) established for that crop. By countless experiments under laboratory and field conditions involving the most complex arrangements of the chemical, physical, and climatic factors concerned, 'perultimate yields' have been determined for eight of the principal crops—including cotton—grown in the United States. The table below, taken from Dr. Willcox's book, presents this information. In the second column we have the extreme theoretical (perultimate) yield per acre; in the third column the actual 'known yielding power' is given; and in the fourth column the percentage of the known to the perultimate yield. Remember that these latter percentages represent yields that are definitely realizable to-day:—

Corn	225	bu.	225	bu.	100
Wheat	171	bu.	122.5	bu.	71.6
Oats	395	bu.	245.7	bu.	62.2
Barley	308	bu.	122.5	bu.	39.7
Rye	198	bu.	54.4	bu.	27.4
Potatoes	1330	bu.	1156	bu.	86.8
Sugar beets	53	tons	42.3	tons	80.0
Sugar cane	185	tons	180	tons	97.2
Cotton	4.6	bales	3.5	bales	76.1

Now for a picture of what is actually, in terms of large-scale average production, being accomplished in the United States and possessions with these crops. Bear in mind that, despite the almost unbelievable inefficiency in agriculture, which the following table indicates, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace still wishes to reduce crop acreages in order to prevent the accumulation of unmarketable (not unconsumable) 'surpluses.'

In the second column we have the general average yield per acre in the U. S. A. (and Cuba); the third shows us the percentage that this yield bears to the 'perultimate' maximum; and the fourth the percentage in terms of the 'known yielding power':—

Corn	25.5	bu.	10.8		10.8
Wheat	14.4	bu.	8.4		11.7

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Oats	30.4	bu.	7.7	12.3
Barley	24.1	bu.	7.8	19.6
Rye	12.8	bu.	6.4	23.5
Potatoes	114.9	bu.	8.6	9.0
Sugar beets	11.1	tons	20.9	26.1
Sugar cane	16.4	tons	9.1	22.4*
Cotton	0.32	bale	6.9	9.1

(* The known maximum yield of sugar cane in the U. S. A.—Florida—is 73 tons.)

From such facts as these—and Dr. Willcox abounds in them—we arrive at many conclusions that are absolutely damaging to all our preconceived notions of agriculture, the food problem, population problems, and the like. For example: the actual harvested area in the United States for the eight crops above listed was, in 1930, 241 million acres. Had perultimate yields been obtained, the same crops could have been harvested from 20.6 million acres, or less than 10 per cent of the actual total. On the basis of known maximum yields, the acreage required would have been 27.46 million—a little less than the total farm acreage of the State of Colorado. Taking corn alone, Dr. Willcox shows that, by following established agro-biological principles, the one State of Indiana could raise (on the basis of 200 bushels per acre) half as much corn as the entire United States raised in 1930. If the actual 1930 yield of this state were on the same basis of 200 bushels per acre, the corn acreage could be reduced by 86 per cent and the number of farmers by the same proportion, or from 181,826 to 23,400. 'To such a minimum dimension,' adds Dr. Willcox calmly, 'may the sprawling apparatus for corn production in Indiana eventually be reduced.'

In such ways does science challenge, and undermine, outworn economics.

SIGNIFICANT PROOF that another young Hercules of applied science is beginning to burst its cradle comes to us in the words of Sir Oswald Stoll, chairman and managing director of the (British) Stoll Theatres Corporation, Ltd. In his 1934 report to the stockholders, Sir Oswald makes it clear that 'mechanization and duplication have gone far in entertainment and are going further' with economic results that bode ill for the legitimate-theatre industry. Pointing out that the cinema has already obtained a strangle-hold on the legitimate theatre—aided largely by a form of taxation that enormously favors movie production—Sir Oswald proceeds to issue a warning on the subject of 'Theatres and Television':—

'Practical, commercial, and inevitable television is ready. Recently, reports reached me that large supplies of television receiving sets have been stocked at certain factories . . . It is also a fact that the chairman of Electric and Musical Industries, Ltd., made an announcement at the annual meeting . . . in the following words: "The research engineers of your company have developed and demonstrated a complete and entirely successful system of high-definition television of undoubted entertainment value. This system includes both transmission, or broadcasting, and reception by sets suitable for use in the home. These sets can be placed before the public at a reasonable cost."

'Television is no longer a possibility. It is an accomplished fact.'

In spite of the grave economic disorders that this will entail upon an already paralyzed 'amusement industry' Sir Oswald Stoll does not entirely lose heart. For behind the astounding mechanics of television and the cinema alike—in fact, providing the only human justification for their existence—is the performer. Whatever inroads it may make upon the theatre as a medium for mass entertainment, television also 'means that great

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advances in the entertainment world are imminent and that they are advances that, so far as we are concerned, will involve preservation of, and coöperation with, the stage.'

'LIE DETECTION' by dependable scientific means—the constant dream of jurists and police functionaries—appears still closer to final realization in the form of an instrument known as the Keeler Polygraph. Writing in the *Scientific Monthly* Mr. Fred E. Inbau, of Northwestern University's School of Law, presents some interesting facts about this ingenious machine, which tests have shown to register accurate results in from 75 to 86 per cent of cases submitted to it.

The three units of the Keeler Polygraph (of which the first two are the most used, the third being an accessory) are designed to record: 1, respiratory changes; 2, the pulse wave and blood pressure; 3, a duplicate blood-pressure and pulse-wave curve, or muscular reflexes of the arm or leg. Rubber tubes, fastened at the proper points of the body and connected with styluses, are inflated, and the physiological changes induced by answers given to critical questions are registered on a graph —whose curves have already been 'corrected' for properly ascertained 'normal' reactions. At the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory of Northwestern University Professor Keeler and members of his staff have recently completed a three-year experimental investigation with this instrument, in the course of which about 3,500 individuals have been examined for crimes ranging all the way from petty larceny to murder.

Mr. Inbau is careful to point out that the Polygraph is not infallible and that reasonable decisions may be reached only by a careful study of the statistical factors involved. Even then, if the Polygraph evidence of guilt is not substantiated by other evidence (incriminating clues, contradiction of other witnesses, involuntary admissions, etc.), the final decision must still rest on 'probability': an admittedly weak argument in cases of life and death. On the other hand, in the experiment of examining some 2,000 bank employees in 52 Chicago banks, it was found that from 10 to 25 per cent of the employees deliberately lied in the matter of various sums of money belonging to the banks, and the Polygraph evidence was subsequently confirmed by admissions in virtually all the cases.

A LITTLE-REALIZED factor in the increasingly difficult problem of foreign trade is the effect of a steadily declining population upon imports, which was discussed by Dr. E. C. Snow in an address before the Royal Statistical Society. Dr. Snow pointed out that during the greater part of the century preceding the first World War the population of England and Wales was increasing at the rate of from 300,000 to 350,000 per year. But this increase was entirely due to a decline in the death rate, which meant that the percentage of older people (65 years and over) to the total population was on the increase. The fact that similar trends were found in other countries where agriculture plays a large part led Dr. Snow to conclude that industrialization cannot be held solely responsible for population decline in the British Isles. The fact that the decline affects chiefly the earlier age groups (from 15 to 35 years) cannot but have serious consequences upon the development of industry, which depends more and more upon the younger and more vigorous workers. It also gravely interferes with the trade prospects of countries that count upon a large export business with England.

Thus, in the matter of foodstuffs—one of Britain's principal imports—Dr. Snow shows that the quantity imported since 1924 has increased at less than one per cent a year and is due to diminish still more. Compare this with the previous increase in food products of 5 per cent annually, and it is not difficult to under-

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stand the growing anxiety of the food-exporting countries, especially those overseas Dominions (Australia, New Zealand, and Canada) that already suffer from 'overproduction' and irregular markets in respect to their principal commodities.

'ELECTROLETHALING' is a word coined to describe a special form of anæsthesia, which has long been believed to result from the shock of an electric current. In an interesting communication to *Nature* Dr. C. W. Hume brings proof to show that this latest method for dulling sensitivity to pain—especially in connection with the slaughtering of animals—has not the advantages that have been claimed for it. A number of tests comparing the effects of chloroform with those of an electric current have established the fact that satisfactory anæsthetic results have not been obtained from the latter. Dr. Hume—who attributes much of the tendency to employ electrolethaling to 'vested interests' that have grown up around the practice—cites the following cases in disproof:—

1. The passage of a suitable electric current through the brain of a human being has been found to induce a peculiar nightmare state 'in which the subject retains his senses but appears to an external observer to be completely unconscious, the pupil reflex being absent.' From this it is inferred that the employment of this method in slaughter-houses, and elsewhere where anæsthesia is required, is anything but humane.

2. Leduc, an experimenter, subjected himself to an interrupted direct current up to 4 milliamperes but failed to reach unconsciousness, despite the fact that his assistants thought him unconscious for a period of twenty minutes. Supposing the current not high enough, Dr. J. Hertz, of Paris, repeated the experiment on incurable invalids, using currents up to 25 milliamperes, but still unconsciousness failed to result, despite physiological symptoms of it.

3. In Dr. Hertz's experiments, the muscles of his subjects were sometimes contracted and at other times relaxed, making satisfactory decisions as to consciousness difficult. That pigs subjected to electrolethaling do not squeal cannot, therefore, be safely attributed to loss of consciousness. A specific muscular condition is associated with anæsthesia, and if both this condition and its opposite exist under electric immobilization it is unscientific—and, adds Dr. Hume, inhuman—to employ the method.

CIVIL ENGINEERING, journal of the American Society of Civil Engineers, presents some interesting figures on the engineering profession in this country, as worked out by the American Engineering Council on the basis of 1930 census statistics. We learn that in that year there was a total of 225,800 professional engineers, forming 0.46 per cent of those gainfully employed. This comes out at one engineer for every 500 of the population of the United States—a very liberal distribution of technical personnel. On the basis of professional classes within the engineering field, we have the following figures:—

Class	Number	Per cent
Civil	101,946	45.1
Electrical	57,735	25.6
Mechanical	54,264	24.0
Mining	8,408	3.8
Chemical & metallurgical	3,434	1.5

Of the above total, more than one-fourth (28.9 per cent) are employed in the private fields of industry and trade, another 6 per cent are absorbed by the public utilities, and only 0.3 per cent for each of the vital public services of agriculture and forestry. All government services together account for only 11 per cent of the engineering employment in this country—and severe reductions in appropriations have still further lowered that meagre figure.

—HAROLD WARD

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

can be read between the lines of the two items from the *Völkischer Beobachter* and leaves the reader with the idea that Hitlerism is still lagging on the cultural front.

THE only valid measuring stick to apply to Soviet Russia is Tsarist Russia, and this month we present some of the contrasts between an imperial and a Communist society in fictional form. Both 'Schooldays in Old Russia' and 'The Three Watchmen' are the work of popular Soviet authors but as an artistic performance there is almost no comparison between the two. The story about the old-fashioned school might have been written by Chekhov; the story about what happened to three ignorant janitors in modern Moscow has local color but little else.

ALTHOUGH the Hauptmann trial has given Americans more than their fill of legal reading and has made most decent people disgusted with our practice of trial by newspaper, we are taking a chance of straining our readers' patience to the breaking point and translating a little essay by Pierre Mille, who draws some interesting contrasts between French and English judicial procedure. The French, it appears, make far more allowance than the Anglo-Saxons for psychological factors, but, on the other hand, they do not assume that the defendant is innocent until he has been proved guilty.

A NEW and more liberal constitution for India has become the order of the day in England, and Parliament hopes to pass new legislation that will start India on its way to Dominion status sometime this year. To cover the legal issues involved would require volumes, but an English resident of Calcutta describes some of the social customs that make it so difficult for the native and the European populations to understand each other.

TEN years ago Louis Aragon was one of the leading surrealists in France. To-day he has turned Communist and is writing a novel sequence, the first volume of which contrasts the grandeur and decadence of the middle classes with the rise of the proletariat. Prince D. S. Mirski, a Russian aristocrat who now supports the Soviet régime, who has lectured in England and written a history of Russian literature and a biography of Lenin, summarizes the first of Aragon's projected books, which would appear to be a proletarian counterpart to *Men of Good Will* by Jules Romains.

THREE exotic figures fill our 'Persons and Personages' department this month. Hailé Sellassié, the whiskered Emperor of Abyssinia, has become a front-page feature almost as important as the Dionne quintuplets. The Panchen Lama may join him any day for, as our article on 'Japan Enters Afghanistan' points out, he is attempting to buck British imperialism in Tibet. Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who was born in Alsace when it was part of Germany, is now hailed by the Nazis as a native son, and Alfons Paquet, who used to contribute to liberal journals before Hitler had been heard of, praises this amazingly versatile doctor-musician-philosopher for his freedom from racial prejudice. Evidently the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, from which this article is translated, can express a point of view that the *Völkischer Beobachter* would hardly endorse.

ONE item in our 'Books Abroad' department—J. L. Hammond's review of the latest volume of *British Documents on the Origin of the War*—should be read in connection with Mr. Eshleman's article. It deals with the Balkan wars that occurred on the eve of the World War and that led the Great Powers to believe for a brief moment that such disputes could be isolated. Is history going to repeat itself here?

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